

ALICIA



ALBERT A. HARTZELL



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And then he told her of the Albatross.

PAGE 176.



ALICIA

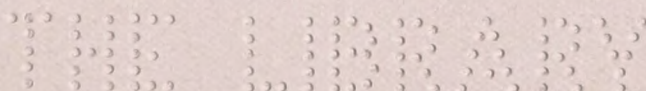
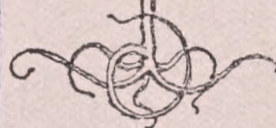
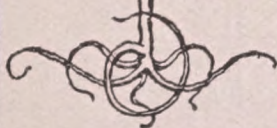


By
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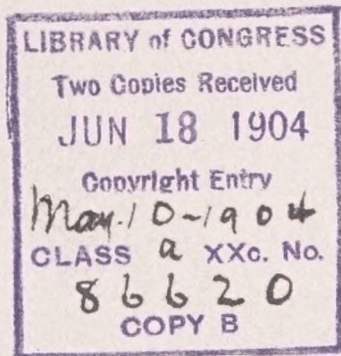
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY
PERCY REEVES.



I Dedicate to
Alicia
this Volume

ILLUSTRATIONS.

And then he told her of the Albatross, Frontispiece.

PAGE.

*“ Jim was kneelin’ by her with his face hid in
her bosom,” 72*

*He took her little form in his arms and
hastened towards the club-house, 203*

*While the stars looked down into her upturned
face, 277*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
<i>Chapter I. The signal of distress, . . .</i>	9
<i>Chapter II. The fatal decision, . . .</i>	19
<i>Chapter III. A birth at sea, . . .</i>	24
<i>Chapter IV. The overdue ship, . . .</i>	29
<i>Chapter V. The Albatross in port, . . .</i>	39
<i>Chapter VI. Dr. Reide's prophecy, . . .</i>	49
<i>Chapter VII. The drive to Portsmouth, . . .</i>	59
<i>Chapter VIII. Silas' narrative, . . .</i>	67
<i>Chapter IX. Mr. Hale at the home of the Pendletons,</i>	82
<i>Chapter X. John Lakeley's daughter, . . .</i>	95
<i>Chapter XI. College days, . . .</i>	106
<i>Chapter XII. Ralph's ship comes sailing home,</i>	121
<i>Chapter XIII. The destruction of the mill, . . .</i>	131
<i>Chapter XIV. Silas goes a courtin', . . .</i>	137
<i>Chapter XV. The boat race,</i>	151

CONTENTS

	PAGE.
<i>Chapter XVI. Alicia,</i>	169
<i>Chapter XVII. On the golf links, . . .</i>	184
<i>Chapter XVIII. Beneath the elms of old Yale once more,</i>	200
<i>Chapter XIX. The Queen of the Roses, .</i>	208
<i>Chapter XX. The Wand of War. . . .</i>	219
<i>Chapter XXI. Driven from home, . . .</i>	230
<i>Chapter XXII. Luthie's appeal,</i>	245
<i>Chapter XXIII. Luthie's midnight visit, .</i>	250
<i>Chapter XXIV. The tragedy of the den, .</i>	254
<i>Chapter XXV. The mystery of the night, .</i>	261
<i>Chapter XXVI. The prophecy recalled, .</i>	266
<i>Chapter XXVII. The Closing Scene, . .</i>	272

ALICIA

CHAPTER I.

THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

The good ship *Albatross* lay becalmed. Not a breath of wind was stirring to move the sails that hung idly from mast and spar. Every bit of canvas of which she could boast was spread, but the ship lay upon the glassy surface of the sea without motion or life. The ocean, still as a mill pond, stretched away to the horizon. The vision ranged the limitless waste of waters, unrewarded. No thing was in sight.

Upon the vessel, beneath the towering pile of canvas, all was still. The wheelmen stood idly by the wheel. Forward, a group of sailors talked in low tones. Upon the forward deck, leaning against the arm of a monstrous anchor, was a lookout—but his constant gaze saw nothing save the expanse of sky and sea. Aloft, another sailor swept the sea with wide-ranging glass.

Upon the deck near the wheel stood the captain of the ship. He was a man of impressive physique—tall, robust, with limbs cast in generous mold,—with a large head whose heavy locks shadowed

with their blackness a resolute, calm face; a face that was good to look upon; a face that once you saw, you remembered. He had a broad forehead from which the heavy locks seemed carelessly pushed away; a firm chin, with resolute lips shaded by the heavy moustache; grey eyes, full and bright, with a flash of fire in their depths;—thus stood Captain Philip Pendleton on the morning of the first day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-four, upon the good ship *Albatross*, becalmed at sea, homeward bound for the port of Portsmouth, on the Maine coast.

Several pennants of bright colors bearing numerals hung from the signal halliards at which the captain frequently cast anxious glances. These bits of bunting also suffered from the blight of the calm, and hung limp and lifeless. Suddenly the lookout from aloft called out to the deck below. Instantly the captain sprang with glass in hand into the shrouds, and following the directing voice of the sailor aloft, he raised his glass and steadily watched a dot on the horizon. He could make nothing of it. An half hour ago when the glass swept the horizon it viewed nothing, but now as the sailor looked, this small black dot seemed to have grown up from the sea. There was nothing to do but wait.

The captain paced anxiously to and fro. Occasionally he left the deck and disappeared into the open door of the cabin. The sailors, gathered at the side of the vessel, looked in vain for sight of the distant object, waiting patiently until the heavy minutes should bring it within range of the naked eye. Time passed. Minutes grew into hours. Again and again the captain placed his glass upon the speck and witnessed its widening scope with joy. Slowly it came into view as time swept on; and it needed not the confirming shout of Caleb Carruthers, the lookout aloft, the keenest-eyed seaman on the New England coast, to announce to Captain Pendleton that a large steamer was slowly coming into view, and passing far to the southward.

The trans-Atlantic steamer *United States* under heavy pressure of steam was striving to make up lost time occasioned by a broken shaft. Important government dispatches entrusted to the care of her commander, Captain James Arthur, for delivery upon her arrival at New York, placed upon him a burden of responsibility that now pressed heavily upon him. His vessel had cleared from a French port some days previous, and just before sailing, sealed messages for the war department had been entrusted to him in greatest confidence, with instructions for their delivery at the

earliest possible moment. The civil war now had reached its third year. American commerce had almost been swept from the sea. Privateersmen, fitted in foreign ports, had preyed upon the merchantmen, until, with the exception of a few swift, bold ships, the American flag was unseen on the waters of the Atlantic. The formidable craft the *Alabama* had wrought much havoc and ruin, and no American sailor slept easy now that she roamed the sea. That his dispatches related to this iron-clad sea monster, Captain Arthur had no doubt, and the delay occasioned in his mind the greatest uneasiness because of the importance of his commission. With repairs fully made he was now forging ahead through the smooth waters at almost full speed.

The past few days had been ones of unusual calm, and now as he stood on the bridge, not a ripple disturbed the smooth surface of the sea until broken by the prow of his swiftly-moving steamer. The passengers, relieved from the ennui attending the delay, welcomed the increased speed of the vessel, and, gathered about the decks, passed the time away engaged in various diversions usual to the trans-Atlantic voyage. Aside from the broken shaft, the trip had been without incident or circumstance of unusual interest. Now that the vessel was speeding homeward once

more, thoughts and conversation bore most frequently upon the theme of home. No vessel had brought them news of home or the outside world. No sail had been sighted since they sailed from the coast of France. Day in and day out they had looked in vain for sight of a distant or passing ship.

Captain Arthur had borne the delay caused by the accident to his vessel with a philosophy natural to him. A long life at sea, amidst storm and calm, amidst trials, dangers, and privations, had created in him a sense of philosophical courage that often stood him in good need. He had early learned the truth of the proverb that "what can't be cured must be endured." And he had not only accepted such decree with becoming cheerfulness in all cases, but generally strove to add a bit of seemingly paradoxical wisdom of his own to relieve the situation, by reflecting that what once has been endured can still sometimes be cured. And with this view steadily in mind, he was half-hourly receiving reports of the steam gauge from the engine room, as he forced the vessel to her utmost in a race to overtake the two days that were gone.

A long wing of foam broke from the vessel on either side, as she rushed through the water, stretched out like the two wings of a gigantic

swan. The dancing wake glowed with the radiant light of topaz and diamond fire. It was a beautiful day. The sun was mounting towards the zenith. The air was calm and still, and the sea was yet unruffled by the slightest breeze. Suddenly there was a cry from the watchman posted high above the wheelhouse; and by that swift intercommunication that prevails upon vessels of her class, not only the commander, but every person aboard, both sailor and passenger, at once became acquainted with the news that a sail had been sighted on the north quarter, hull down in the distance.

The first officer joined Captain Arthur on the bridge. Long and intently they looked at the stranger with their powerful sea glasses. She was still too far distant to be made out. The steamer ploughed swiftly onward. The miles and leagues of dancing water flowed swiftly underneath her keel like a monstrous mill-race. The passengers and crew watched the speck that was the distant sail with increasing interest. The steamer's course was gradually bringing her into a range of discernment. The day wore on. The attention of all was given to the strange vessel.

"Can you make her out?" asked Captain Arthur of his first officer, as they stood upon the bridge of the swiftly flying steamer.

"Hardly, sir," he replied. "She's under canvas all right, but she's still too distant."

Another hour passed. The stranger was gradually coming into view by aid of the powerful glasses. To the naked eye she was but a speck in the distance.

"Now I get her, Captain," said the first officer, addressing Captain Arthur, as once more he levelled his glass at the vessel in the distance.

"She is evidently a large vessel, for she seems to have plenty of canvas. I think I can make out her yards."

"Do you think she is a man-o'-war?" asked the captain.

"I can't tell yet, sir," replied the officer.

It was not long ere a still better view of the stranger was afforded those who so eagerly watched her.

"I can make her out better now, sir," said Mr. Walker, the first officer, again addressing Captain Arthur.

"She is a full rigged ship with a cloud of canvas set."

"Does she show any colors?" asked the captain.

"I cannot tell, sir," the officer replied. "She's a Yankee all right, I think."

"Show them a bit of color," commanded the captain. "Run up the ensign."

In a few moments a round ball of bunting was swiftly travelling upward by the color halliards, and the next moment the Stars and Stripes floated from the masthead. A fervent cheer rose from the deck as the upward gaze of passengers and crew were greeted by sight of the familiar beloved flag in that distant sea.

"Now she answers," exclaimed the officer.

The captain levelled his glass at the stranger.

"Look, Mr. Walker," he exclaimed excitedly, "She's got the American flag flying at her masthead, with the Union down. She's in distress."

"She's flying signals, too," the officer quickly replied, after a steady and long observation.

"The signal book," he commanded, and instantly the signal code was brought and spread out upon the rail.

"Can you read them, Mr. Walker?" asked the captain as he watched the distant ship.

"No, sir, not yet. I can see that she has no port holes, and carries no guns. She is one of our large American clipper ships—only a few of which are left now since the war," he added.

"All ready for the signals," he said suddenly.

"A light breeze moves her topsails and her signal flags are stretching out. I can see them more plainly now. Take them down as I read."

Slowly and painstakingly the first officer observed the feebly fluttering signal flags and pronounced the characters they bore upon their folds, which were taken down by a junior officer with book and pencil, as the words fell slowly from Mr. Walker's lips.

"Let me repeat, to see if I have it accurately," said Mr. Walker, when he had finished.

Again he recited the numerals of the signal flags.

"Is that correct?" he asked.

"That is correct, sir," was the reply.

Meanwhile the passengers had gathered near the bridge upon the deck below. All interest was centered in the message of the strange ship. Intently they listened to the conversation of the officers.

"Here is the signal code, Mr. Walker," said the captain. "Read the message."

Mr. Walker took the book and turned its pages as he sought out the definitions of the various characters that composed the message. Rapidly he placed the words, as quickly as learned, upon paper. Soon he dropped his pencil, while a look of excitement spread over his face. He had completed the message. Without a word he handed the slip of paper upon which he had written to Captain Arthur, who read it with a look of apprehension and anxiety.

Glancing towards the group of expectant passengers he said, "This is the message." And reading from the paper he spoke the words that thrilled the group below:—

"SEND A PHYSICIAN—HELP!"

CHAPTER II.

THE FATAL DECISION.

As the import of the message fell upon the hearers they with one accord turned towards one of their number who now stood with gaze fixed intently upon Captain Arthur. He was a young man, who had already attained a reputation, and one which was well deserved, as a physician and surgeon. Born and bred in the city of New York, as a boy he showed a precocity and natural bent towards the studies that were to afterwards engross him in a long professional career, that early indicated the inheritance of qualities and tastes from a parent who for half a century had been a noted physician of New York, and whose fame, by reason of his skill, had made him widely known and respected.

Graduated from Columbia College at an early age, and from the medical schools of this country with honor, after a diligent course abroad Dr. Hamilton Reide had commenced the practice of his profession with his father in New York, with gratifying success. During his study in France he had met and become enamored of the lady

now his wife, who was sojourning among relatives during an absence from her home in Louisiana. Her ancestors had originally been people of France, and settling in Louisiana at an early period, their descendents had become the foremost figures of that section, and always powerfully identified with the political interests of the state.

She was a lady of singular beauty and accomplishments. Although a man of Northern birth and sentiments and naturally differing from his wife on important political questions of the day, in the ardor of his passion and the completeness of his devotion Dr. Reide permitted no discord to enter his Eden, but surrendered himself to the perfect happiness he found in the society of one so beautiful in mind and person as to well merit the title of the fairest flower of the South.

A short time previous an infant daughter had been born to them, and his wife's life being despaired of, Dr. Reide, though plunged into an abyss of grief and dejection, had by his devoted skill and care so far accomplished her recovery as to permit of the beneficial sea voyage now nearing completion. The child seemed to have inherited much of the beauty and disposition of the mother, at least so it seemed to Dr. Reide, who now found that the allegiance he had always

given so passionately to his wife had just as strongly been compelled by this tiny beauty, who had crept into his heart unawares.

As Dr. Reide heard the message from the distant vessel fall from the captain's lips, and saw the gaze of the expectant passengers bent intently upon him, a strange emotion seemed to stifle, for a moment, all power of speech. Controlling himself he said to Captain Arthur, "Will you put me aboard that ship, Captain?"

Captain Arthur hesitated. He was struggling with conflicting emotions. His natural sympathy and humanity prompted him to immediately comply with the request of the vessel and send Dr. Reide to its aid. On the other hand, he felt most strongly the danger of delay because of the dispatches intrusted to his care. Every moment was precious and freighted with danger to the interests of the government, he felt, and perhaps to the very life of the nation itself. He was a man who was imbued with a fervent love of country and also with a high sense of duty. His principal and also his patriotism as a first impression impelled him to give no heed to the imploring voice of the stranger, but the natural inclination of the heart bade him proceed immediately to his assistance. It was a rule of the sea, long familiar to him from a life of service

upon the waters, which declared it to be the duty of one vessel to render every assistance possible to another in distress. He knew that his honor as a sailor permitted no infraction of this rule; the law of the sea, and of humanity as well, required its full observance. He felt keenly the distress of his position. Although a man of iron nerve, he was shaken by the conflict that raged within his breast. The passengers were watching him breathlessly. Slowly he yielded to the habits and teachings of a lifetime. Slowly the full tide of humanity, gathering force as it moved, swept irresistibly through his heart, carrying before it every vestige of doubt and hesitation.

Turning to Dr. Reide, he replied, "I will put you aboard, sir. Make your preparations and be ready to go when we are within distance."

"Call away the gig," the captain added, addressing his first officer. "You may accompany him, Mr. Walker, and take my boat. Answer the message," the captain commanded to the junior officer who stood near with the signal book still in his hand. "Answer that we will send physician, and will stand by them." A quick command to the wheelmen, and the bow of the steamer swung to the northward. The fluttering signals went aloft. Dr. Reide immediately engaged himself in his preparations for de-

parture. The gig was made ready. The steamer steamed swiftly towards the ship, upon which all eyes were fixed with rapt attention.

Captain Arthur stood upon the bridge alone. His gaze was fixed upon the distant vessel. Could his vision have pierced the future he would have been astounded at the decree of fate which had made the romance and tragedy, the mystery and death, of future years dependent upon his decision which he had just rendered, and which now gave him a feeling of satisfaction, as he muttered to himself, as his vessel sped onward, "God forbid that I should ever fail to heed a signal of distress."

CHAPTER III.

A BIRTH AT SEA.

On board the *Albatross* the fear that the steamer discovered to the southward, bearing on her course, would pass at too great a distance for the observation of the signal flags, occasioned Captain Pendleton extreme anxiety. The flags, mingled with the drooping canvas, needed the sustaining breeze to render them fully effective. The first mate of the *Albatross* had joined Captain Pendleton, and as they watched the steamer through their glasses she seemed to be gradually drawing nearer to the ship. At last Captain Pendleton saw the American flag break from her masthead, and it soon became apparent to him as he watched her that she raised her colors to salute in passing, and he saw that in a few minutes she would be gone, and his signals unobserved by the steamer. In desperation he ran to the color locker and hastily seizing the ship's national ensign, he soon had it raised to the maintop of the *Albatross*.

"They are my countrymen," he said. "They will help me if they see my signals."

The flag was of immense size as becomes a full rigged ship of the class of the *Albatross* and had been donated to the vessel by the citizens of Portsmouth upon the occasion of her first voyage. Not only was such presentation in honor of having this splendid clipper ship hail from their home port, but was also intended by the donors to indicate the respect and affection borne for Captain Pendleton by the citizens of the community in which he and his forefathers had dwelt for more than a century.

As the flag went to the masthead, a slight breeze ruffled the topsails and animated slightly the drooping bunting. The eager eye of Captain Pendleton noted this good sign with gladness. But his hand trembled as once more he raised his glass to his eye. The steamer held to her course. She was evidently gradually sinking into the horizon. A feeling of despair chilled the brave heart of the sailor. "My God, help me," he murmured. His prayer was answered even as his lips spoke, for he heard the lookout shout in exultation.

"She answers, Captain! Look, she answers!"

The captain's eyes filled with tears.

"She's bearing towards us," were the next glad tidings the captain heard, and sending for his book he carefully translated the answer of the

steamer. His heart beat with thankfulness as he translated the bits of bunting, and read,

“Will send physician and stand by.”

Immediately he left the deck and once more disappeared within the cabin. After a short time he returned and took his station on the deck. The steamer was approaching rapidly. From the *Albatross* they could make her out now quite plainly. They observed the passengers and sailors grouped at the rail and upon the decks, with eyes fixed upon the *Albatross*. They saw the captain upon the bridge. They saw, too, a small boat at the davits, and the crew standing there ready and motionless. And a little apart from them they saw a man in whom all interest was centered. Then they saw the steamer suddenly slow down a short distance from them; the boat was lowered, and with rhythmic precision the oars rose and fell as the trained seamen sent the light craft towards the ship.

Captain Pendleton and his officers stood at the side of the ship to receive the boat, which soon came alongside the *Albatross*. A moment later Dr. Reide, hat in hand, stood upon the deck of the ship. Captain Pendleton, with outstretched hand, greeted him.

“I am Captain Pendleton, of the American ship *Albatross*,” he said, grasping the hand of the visitor.

"I am Dr. Reide of New York, and at your service, Captain." Captain Arthur, of the steamer *United States*, bids me say to you that he sends me in answer to your request, and that he will stand by you. But, Captain, I will not delay. What is the matter? What sickness have you on board? Show me to my patient."

Captain Pendleton answered, "Dr. Reide, my wife is aboard the ship, and is very, very ill. I will take you to her immediately. She has been accustomed to accompany me upon my voyages. It has been very lonely for her to remain ashore alone while I was at sea. We have had no children to bless us, and beguile her solitude in my absence, but now—" The captain's voice faltered, and he looked into the face of the physician, who, understanding, motioned towards the cabin and said gently, "Take me to her."

The breeze had freshened with the disappearing day, and had wafted light clouds from the horizon in its coming. The sun was setting in the sea, and soon

"Night like a sable bird,
Shook darkness from her wings on ocean wild;
Without a whispered word,
The stars peered through the clouds in grandeur
piled."

Lights on the vessels showed their respective positions during the night and at daybreak a signal flying from the *Albatross* announced to those on board the steamer that a son had been born to Captain and Mrs. Pendleton, who was to bear the name of Arthur Reide Pendleton.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OVERDUE SHIP.

It was Sunday morning in the village of Portsmouth. The bell in the belfry of the white-steepled meeting-house on the side-hill had ceased ringing. It was approaching the hour for the morning service and the people of the village, attired in their best clothes, were slowly wending their way along the streets of the village to the little white church on the hill-side. The old and young, the latter with demure looks as became the day and ill at ease in their unaccustomed attire and under the reproving eye of the elders, moved forward with hastening step as the notes of the second bell sounded from the steeple. Those who had lingered on the broad front steps of the meeting-house to exchange subdued greetings with friends and neighbors now moved slowly into the building and gathered in their accustomed places in the straight-backed pews with small white panelled doors opening into the main aisle of the church. The deep maroon cushions, faded with age, relieved in some degree the barrenness of the room into which the

people were beginning now to enter in goodly numbers.

Rambling off from the main street of the village at a point near the church was a picturesque lane which wandered down towards the bay, losing itself at last in a maze of small boats pulled up on the land out of reach of the sea, and numerous seines spread out on the sands to dry. A small cottage, with a lusty red rose climbing over the doorway and ambitiously reaching its pretty blossoms up to the little latticed window beneath the eaves, flanked the lane at the corner near the church. From behind a weather-beaten picket fence which enclosed the cottage, a small lad with bare feet and ragged cap had studiously watched the church-goers as they passed on to the meeting-house. He had busied himself by bestowing upon youthful companions divers looks that expressed silently, though forcibly, his own gratification, and at the same time commiserated the plight of his less fortunate companions. Following, at some distance away, the last of the village train to the church, he arrived at the steps as the notes of the organ announced the commencement of the service. Peering cautiously in at the open door he encountered the reproving looks and frowning glance of the good deacon who numbered among his duties

not only the task of maintaining order among the restless lads within the meeting-house, but also of shielding them from the example and repelling the advances of the ungodly from without. The lad, replying to the good man's reproving looks and jestures of admonition with numerous deliberate winks delivered in rapid succession, betook himself to the cottage which rested quietly among the hollyhocks and brier roses that grew profusely, with many an old-fashioned flower, within the enclosure.

Lifting the latch of the gate he passed in and made his way up the winding gravelled walk with its border of green box, to the vine clad porch, where was seated a fair-faced little girl several years his junior. She raised her eyes from the book in her lap as she heard the sound of his footsteps upon the gravel.

"Is that you, Ralph?" she asked as he approached. "I wondered where you were. I hope you have not been outside the gate this Sunday morning with such a ragged cap—and bare feet, too," she added.

"You know how displeased grandma will be, and it was only yesterday that you promised that you would be very careful not to make her unhappy," she said.

The boy's manner softened as his eyes first

observed her, and he listened wistfully as she addressed him.

“Don’t tell, and worry grandma, Luthie,” he said mischievously. “I only went to the church,” he added innocently; but as he looked into her sweet, grave face he looked more serious and felt an inward misgiving as he recalled his conduct at the door of the meeting-house in his encounter with the deacon. “I will wear my shoes and my best hat, too,” he continued, stoutly facing the ordeal with the bravery expected of a man of his ten years. “I forgot them this morning. I am going to the lighthouse and I stopped to see if you would not come with me. Captain Gray will be at the church, but he lets me use his glass and the door is never locked, you know. I like to look out over the sea and watch the fleet; and O, Luthie, I wish you could see them come scurrying in with a great storm breaking and the white waves leaping up till they seem to break their foam over the black clouds that the topsails almost touch,” said the lad enthusiastically.

“O, no, Ralph; I could not bear the sight of the poor boats fleeing before the dreadful storm,” said Luthie with a shudder. “I cannot sleep when I hear the wind at night; and when the storm beats against my window I cannot rest until I kneel and pray to God to spare the ships

that are on the sea; and I am so thankful when the morning comes and I see the sunlight falling across my bed."

"I am going to be a sailor when I am a man," said the boy proudly. "I shall have a ship of my own, and I shall name her the Lady Luthie."

The young girl answered seriously, "I would not name her after the old ship, Ralph."

"I shall not," said the boy. "You are the Lady Luthie—I shall name her after you."

The little girl's eyes gleamed with a pleased smile, but she shook her head and said, "It will not do, Ralph. It is still the name of the old ship; the name of the ship that's lost."

"Luthie," said the boy suddenly, dropping his voice to a low tone, "do you know that everybody is talking about the *Albatross*. You cannot hear anything else all day long. Captain Phil should have been home over three months ago. Captain Gray says that if it were any other ship than the *Albatross* and any other master than Captain Phil, he would be worried—worried somewhat, that's what he said."

"Yes," answered the grave-faced girl, solemnly. "The minister put the *Albatross* in his prayer last Sunday. Mrs. Gray told me so. Grandma and I sat with her for awhile yesterday. Mrs. Pendleton has been away so long from home

that poor Mrs. Gray feels very lonely in that great house. She has had a fire lighted in Mrs. Pendleton's room every night for many weeks, fearing the chill of the evening fog, ready for her coming. She and grandma cried last night, and when I saw them cry, I cried, too."

Ralph replied slowly, "I hear the men on the beach talk about the *Albatross* in the morning when the boats go out, and in the evening when the boats come in. They talk about the *Albatross* and Captain Phil all the time. Captain Gray hasn't told me a story for so long a time. He sits all day in the lamp room by the sea window, or stands on the balcony, and looks through the glass. Last evening when I went into the store the men were talking about Captain Phil and I saw Captain Gray there, and I said, 'Captain, do you think the *Albatross* is lost?' but he didn't seem to hear me, although I was standing right next to him, for he didn't answer."

The boy paused and Luthie answered cheerfully, "I had a dream last night, Ralph, and I have been thinking about it all day. I dreamed that I saw the *Albatross* come sailing home. It was on just such a morning as this. I recall the sun shining brightly on the water as I watched her. It has made me feel so happy, for it seems almost a reality to me. I wonder if dreams come true."

"I hope so, Luthie," said the boy, and then added despondently, "the teacher said the other day that dreams went by contraries."

"Come, Ralph," said the girl cheerily, "grandma wants me to walk on the beach each day until I am stronger. If you are going to the lighthouse I will go with you. Wait until I run in and get my hat, and tell grandma I am going with you." Rising from the porch, she entered the cottage and returning in a few moments with a broad-brimmed hat shading her pretty, grave face, she joined Ralph and together they walked down the lane towards the beach.

Portsmouth looks out across the open sea over a snug little harbor which is protected by a long, narrow strip of land that projects out from the westerly side of the village and shields by this natural arm the entire beach fronting the main part of the town. Towards the easterly end of the village where the dwellings diminish into a few straggling houses and far removed from the water, except a few venturesome fishermen's cottages, the beach is unprotected and the surf rolls undisturbed with deep intonation. Upon the extreme point of the protecting strip of land, and at the entrance to the harbor, stands the lighthouse, access to which is over a rude roadway along the projecting narrow bit of ground.

Towards this point Ralph and Luthie made their way in leisurely fashion, enjoying the beauties of the morning as they went. Their young souls drank in deeply the freshness and sweetness of the hour. Reaching the lighthouse, they climbed the narrow, circling iron stairway to the room at the top. It was enclosed with glass on all sides. In the center of the room was a table upon which lay a large marine glass and several maps and books. Taking the glass from the table the boy opened a door in the side of the room facing the water and with Luthie stepped out onto the balcony which, enclosed by an iron railing, overlooked the sea. Out on the ocean they could see the sails of a vessel coming to view through the dispersing fog. Ralph raised his glass and looked at her.

“Luthie,” he exclaimed, “there is the *Albatross*!”

“O, Ralph,” she eagerly answered, “are you certain?”

“Yes,” said Ralph slowly, “she is three-masted, and has all her masts square-rigged. I can count her six jibs. The *Undine* has only four jibs, and the *Three Sisters* has no yards on her mizzen-mast. Besides, I can see her flag at the maintop. Captain Phil always has his flag at the maintop when he comes in. It is the *Albatross*—sure, Luthie. Captain Phil must be in a hurry to get

home—he's got all her canvas set. Look at her, Luthie, she's the finest ship on the coast."

He handed the glass to the girl, who placed it to her eye and gave a little cry of delight. "O, Ralph, how near she is! I can see her so plainly. How fast she is sailing! See the white foam dash up at her bow! How beautiful she is! I shall be so happy to see dear Mrs. Pendleton. Let us hasten, Ralph, and tell Mrs. Gray."

"I will go with you to Mrs. Gray's," said Ralph, "and then I will go and meet Captain Gray as he comes from church."

Hastening to the Pendleton home Ralph left Luthie to make the announcement to Mrs. Gray, and then set out at the top of his speed for the church.

Arriving there he took a seat upon a chair in the vestibule near the open door. The deep earnest tones of the clergyman's voice came to his ear distinctly. The boy recognized the solemn invocation of prayer. Even to his boyish senses it was clear that the voice bravely held forth a hope in the last extremities of hopelessness. He remembered what Luthie had told him about the minister praying for the safe return of the *Albatross*. He looked in at the doorway. He saw the men with bowed heads, and women weeping. He saw Captain Gray in his accus-

tomed corner. The stout sailor's head rested upon his arm. Moved by the scene, the lad forgot all else but the important news swelling in his heart, and running in at the doorway, unheeding the horrified look of the good deacon who attempted to restrain him, he shouted, "Captain Phil's coming! Captain Phil's coming!" Instinctively the clergyman glanced from his high pulpit towards the open window that faced the sea, and as he looked, there swept for an instant across his vision the beautiful sight of a full-rigged ship with bellying sail and flying flag. His heart leaped in his breast at the sight, and involuntarily, like a flash, his long arm pointed to the sea, and he exclaimed with a voice that was a prayer in its thankfulness and reverence, "THE ALBATROSS! THE ALBATROSS!"

CHAPTER V.

THE ALBATROSS IN PORT.

The arrival of the *Albatross* with Captain and Mrs. Pendleton with baby Arthur had created much excitement, and their joy at the homecoming was only equalled by the happiness and interest of the community itself. The story had been told again and again. It had swiftly sped out from the village to nearby towns and it soon became the absorbing topic of interest for miles around. The strained feelings of the great host of friends and acquaintances of the Pendletons relaxed. The latter kept open house and the visitors came from a distance to pay their respects and make the acquaintance of little Arthur.

To Mrs. Pendleton home had never seemed so attractive as now. Although a woman of decidedly domestic tastes, she had been accustomed to find in the enjoyment of her husband's society upon the *Albatross* so much satisfaction that she had unconsciously begun to feel that home was wherever the *Albatross* should spread her sails or cast her anchor. But now all this was changed. With her baby in her arms a great

longing for home had come into her heart. Her longing and expectation, wafted by the wings of fancy, outsailed the flying *Albatross*, and daily in her imagination she rocked her baby in the old home she had left more than a year ago for a voyage to almost encompass the globe. The good *Albatross* had now made her realization possible, and she enjoyed to the fullest extent the welcome given her by friends and neighbors, and viewed with pride the interest that centered in little Arthur.

Captain Gray was wont to take little Arthur in his arms to the village, and upon the steps of the inn that fronted the public square relate with conscientious importance to a never-diminishing audience the all-absorbing story. The fishermen coming up from their boats, the sailors just fresh from distant voyage, and the people from the hamlets and farms up among the green hills and sloping valleys, together with attentive villagers, made a group of ready listeners to the old sailor's well-themed tale.

The arrival of the stage-coach was the principal event of the day in the village, and its passengers alighting at the inn swelled the audience of the old captain. The stage-coach reached the village about five o'clock in the afternoon, and, dashing through the covered wooden bridge

with rumbling wheels that announced its coming at the lower end of the village, brought up at the postoffice which shared one-half of the space used by the diminutive drug store that stood near the entrance to the bridge by the river. Leaving the mail pouch, the stage came on to the inn to discharge its passengers.

Silas Craig, the driver, was a fixture of the town. He had driven the coach for many years, and he seemed to be inseparably connected with it. He was punctuality itself. At five o'clock, as the onlooker sat on the tavern steps, he would hear the rumbling wheels on the bridge and the yellow coach with driver Sile's ponderous and familiar form on the high, swaying seat would come into view. He was the repository of all the old ladies' and young ladies' confidences, executing for them faithfully in the bustling railroad town which was the terminus of his route, commissions for the purchase of divers articles dear to the feminine heart. Rotund in form, of easy-going temperament, inclined to be taciturn, good-natured, a favorite with the children, and known and respected for miles around, he was an interesting and important figure in the neighborhood for years. He was, notwithstanding his taciturnity, a purveyor of news.

The arrival of the *Albatross* and the birth of baby Arthur was an item of intelligence that dwarfed all others in its importance. Drawing up at a farm house along his route, with his horses under the shade of a spreading maple tree, Silas would ask, "Don't 'spose you heered the news 'bout the *Albatross*? No? Didn't 'spose you had. She came home last Sunday an' brought a cargo that never came to this port afore. You'd never guess what 'twas, an' so I might as well tell ye. 'Twas a baby—yes, a baby; Mis' Pendleton's—born at sea—a boy. Got a doctor off a steamer. Captain's name was Arthur and doctor's name was Reide, an' so they called the baby Arthur Reide arter these two ere men fur helpin' 'em. Yes, doin' fine; an' Mis' Pendleton, too. Drive in an' see 'em." And so the news spread.

The interest of all finally culminated in a reception given by Captain and Mrs. Pendleton to celebrate their homecoming. Their well-preserved home of colonial date amidst the century-old elms bespoke a comfort and hospitality that seemed a fitting accompaniment to the kindly sentiment of welcoming invitation that bade the attendance of all. The house sat quite a distance back from the street and was reached by a broad walk that entered the grounds at either end of the place, through large double gates that

accommodated the carriage-way as well. The old-fashioned door, surrounded by small leaded panes of glass, opened upon the broad porch with its large, round columns. Entering the wide hall, which ran through the center of the house to the gardens in the rear, the guests were received by Captain and Mrs. Pendleton with that cordiality and simplicity that prevailed among friends and neighbors of a New England town.

The great esteem in which Captain Pendleton was held by all was equally shared by his wife. Mrs. Pendleton's nature was such as to make her presence in the village once more a source of gratification to the residents. She possessed an educated and refined mind, with a serenity of temperament and kindness of disposition that well suited her person, which impressed the beholder most favorably. Her serious bearing, which was natural to her, was softened by the winning frankness of her intelligent countenance, which invited confidence without soliciting intimacy. Her temperament was poetic, and while she practiced the practical virtues of the day, which she possessed in no small degree, she had acquired, both from inherited tastes handed down from ancestors of literary distinction, and from educational tendencies of her earlier days, influenced by an impressionable and heroic nature,

a habit for the refinements of literature that sought its gratification in the widest field of thought and letters.

Luthie had been a child of her special favor. As she saw the little girl enter the hallway she greeted her with a kiss of affection, and made her little heart happy by bestowing upon her the coveted privilege of holding little Arthur in her arms. Little Arthur received the homage paid him by the gathering throng with blue-eyed wonder until sleep closed the little eyelids, and being placed in his cradle, the new-comers on silent tiptoe viewed him as he slept.

Luthie's history had a fascination for Mrs. Pendleton. A number of years before there had hailed from Portsmouth a ship owned and commanded by one of the villagers named Alfred Alderney. One day at sea his ship had picked up an open boat in which there was a little baby girl fast asleep. She was immediately removed to the ship and cared for in the best manner possible. The boat was a small affair, and bore the name on her bow in tiny black letters, *Lady Luthie*. The small craft contained provisions and a bundle of the child's clothes that were still wet by the sea water, but nothing that tended to throw any light on the mystery of the little girl.

At the end of his voyage every effort was made

by Captain Alderney to discover the relatives of the child. He learned that a large ship hailing from an English port had sailed from Montreal for Liverpool and foundered at sea; that just before sailing a gentleman and his baby girl had come aboard as passengers, and whose whereabouts and name had not been learned by anyone except the captain of the vessel. As the ship was foundering, the crew, under the direction of the captain, left the vessel in good order in the boats. The captain, with that splendid sense of duty and scorn of fear in the face of danger that so characterizes the thorough Englishman or native American, refused to leave the ship until he should be the last one. The others from the boats, as a flash of lightning momentarily lighted up the scene, saw him standing by the rail with the child in his arms. He was never seen again. He had evidently placed the little girl in his small pleasure boat, which was the only boat left, and had either fallen from the ship or the boat, and was never seen more. Captain Alderney advertised both at home and abroad the rescue of the baby, but time brought no news concerning the little child. Captain Alderney took the little girl to his home and confided her to the care of his mother, who, upon the death of his wife a few years previous, had assumed the charge of his home and

his only child Ralph. The affectionate heart of this lady, which had been sorely stricken by the death of her only daughter at the birth of baby Ralph, became attached to the little stranger who by her goodness and beauty won the hearts of the household in the little cottage with its rambling rose over the doorway. They named the little child Luthie, after the ship, and though rather delicate in her constitution as well as her disposition, by reason of the solicitous care of her foster parents, she lived and prospered.

Both Captain and Mrs. Pendleton possessed, through a life-long habitation amidst New England institutions and customs, a ready sympathy with, and appreciation of, the tone and sentiment of their community. The experiment of democracy here found its best fulfillment. The dream of the idealist found its realization. Caleb Caruthers, the lookout, found himself as much at home in Mrs. Pendleton's house as on board the captain's ship. The crew of the *Albatross*, made up of friends and neighbors, were numbered among the guests and shared with Captain and Mrs. Gray, Luthie and Ralph, the minister, the deacon—who, to Ralph's astonishment, patted him approvingly on the head—and many others, the genuine hospitality of the day.

The social conditions of a New England com-

munity at the time of which we write were truly the most delightful that have ever prevailed. The sincerity of sentiment and simplicity of manner, with the underlying though dominating principle of equality, were emotions common to all. These conditions not only facilitated communion with each other, but rendered the same by a natural reciprocity, notwithstanding the varying degrees of intelligence, taste, occupation and culture that composed the society of such a community, in the highest manner enjoyable and beneficial. Moved solely by the genuine politeness of the heart and freed from the artificial embellishments and false ambitions of a later age, society reached a level of refinement and quiet culture such as no American society has since attained.

The fever of money-madness was not in the blood. The ruddy currents coursed through life's channels unvexed by this later-day taint. The withering grip of commercialism had not strangled the true instincts of life. The weighty words of Jefferson's inspired pen were still regarded with the veneration of holy writ. Truth and honesty were the guiding principles of life, and sincerity and kindness smoothed the rough places of existence; education as a means of culture was the ambition of the time, and from the

savant at Cambridge, or under the elms on the Connecticut, to the farm boy among the quiet hills, or the fisher lad far away from home on the Newfoundland banks, such attainment was the dream of life.

Amidst this golden age little Arthur found existence and grew and developed with the passing years.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. REIDE'S PROPHECY.

After the return of Dr. Reide from the stranger ship the steamer *United States* proceeded rapidly upon her course. The news that Dr. Reide brought back with him of the birth of the baby created great interest on board, and that both mother and child were getting along nicely gave much satisfaction to all.

Captain Arthur had been the recipient of the strongest expressions of gratitude from Captain Pendleton and had heard with pleasure the decision to commemorate his good offices by the bestowal of his name upon the child. He was now pushing the steamer forward with all speed possible and though jealous of the delay he had suffered, he felt the utmost satisfaction as he reviewed his conduct in responding to the signals of distress of the strange vessel.

"What kind of people are they, Doctor?" he asked Dr. Reide, as they sat on the deck, with their cigars.

"They are the best representatives of the native New England type," replied the doctor. "Their

home is at Portsmouth on the Maine coast where their people have lived many years. I had a long and interesting talk with Captain Pendleton. His ancestors and also his wife's were settled there at the time of the Revolution, and were actively identified with the patriotic movement. Captain Pendleton's grandfather belonged to the Sons of Liberty, and was engaged in the plan of displaying a lantern in the belfry of the Old South church as a signal to Paul Revere, and in his wife's branch of the family I learned that she had a great-uncle in the fight at Trenton, and lifted General Mercer to carry him to a neighboring farm house from the orchard on the Princeton road after he fell so cruelly wounded by the cowardly British soldiers."

"I consider them the highest type of American people," continued the doctor. "Captain Pendleton is a man of fine worth. He is a resolute, frank man, intelligent and well educated, but without the high cultivation of his wife, who is a lady of exceptional refinement of mind. They are greatly devoted to each other and the coming of their little child has brought them great happiness. I was deeply touched by their thankfulness to me, and yourself as well, and they made me promise that neither you nor I should quite pass out of their lives now that we have so mysteri-

ously come into them. I have agreed to visit their home with my family next summer, and they expect you to do the same. They intend to write you after their arrival home."

"I am happy to hear this expression from you, Doctor," replied the sailor. "Their apparent appreciation of our assistance in no little measure indicates the truth of your judgment. I shall be very glad to meet the Pendletons and shall avail myself of their invitation. I want to see my little namesake, and I hope to do so next summer."

"I must confess, Doctor," continued the captain, "that I am strangely interested in these people. This has been an unusual experience and there has been something about it that impresses me deeply."

"It has indeed been a strange experience for us both," replied the physician. "I, too, have felt deeply impressed by it. They have promised to write me when they reach home, and I shall be glad to hear from them further."

"Yes, I shall, too," replied Captain Arthur. "A sailor has many strange experiences, but I think I never passed through one equal to this, and which seems to affect me so strangely. It serves to emphasize the mysteries of life. We do not know the laws that govern us, and only faintly grasp their significance."

"If this muddy vesture of decay did not grossly shut us in we could hear bright Venus like an angel sing," replied his companion.

"Possibly so," said the captain; "but the fact is, our vesture need not be so muddy as we make it. Our senses should be attuned to the harmony of the universe. Notwithstanding our boasted civilization, the great mass of society still have eyes that see not, and ears that hear not. Men and women grovel in the mud of the Silurian age; they are creatures of cold blood. Like the fishes of that age, they have no hearts or brains. Our laws, and especially the unwritten precepts of society, express the low order of our civilization. The future historian and student will be puzzled by the crudeness that obtained in this period. In face of the religious tolerance of the time it will be a puzzling problem for him. He will be obliged, probably, to ascribe it to the lowness of the intellect, the commonness of the breed, so to speak."

"There are exceptions to these general conditions," replied the physician significantly.

"Yes, I quite agree with you," said the captain generously, looking intently at the doctor.

"I had another person in mind," the latter replied with a laugh.

"These exceptions," said the captain resuming,

“follow a well defined law—it is a law of civilization. The whole mass cannot move forward at once with sufficient rapidity to be of any appreciable effect. That would be a ponderous movement forever impossible. There is but a slight movement of society forward as a body. Such movement is glacier-like—so slow as to be imperceptible. As compared with the mass, there are but a few men and women that rise above their fellows, and their mere fact of rising necessarily puts them in an antipathetical position to existing law and precept. They therefore become by popular verdict lawbreakers and are condemned as such. The next generation or two having risen to their position, appreciating their superiority, singles them out for eulogy.

“History is largely a record of these lawbreakers; a recital of those who saw the future by a clearer light than their contemporaries; saw visions and realized things not seen or realized by the mass of society; who recognized a higher and better law than the written law of legislatures and the unwritten rules of society. The beginning of the Christian era reveals the great lawbreaker, Christ. He violated the law and the ignorant Roman rabble killed him. Society in every age has its rabble upheld by law. Christ was a continual lawbreaker. He rose so far

above society and law in the age in which he dwelt that all his life and teachings, his thoughts and acts, were in conflict with the law of the state and the precepts of society. These exceptions, in every age, mark the high-tide of civilization."

"Would the Pendletons in any respect indicate their right to belong to such favored class?" asked the captain suddenly. The physician grew thoughtful. "If the laws of heredity are fulfilled," he said slowly, "I believe that our little namesake will be the best type of that rare class of which you speak;—of those whose virtue, intelligence, tolerance, and humanity lift them out from the ordinary ranks of society and associate them with the great and good of the whole world."

"Unless," added the captain slowly, "death defeats destiny."

"Death makes as well as unmakes. I cannot believe that death shall defeat the destiny of Arthur Reide Pendleton," replied the physician. "Remember that destiny achieves sometimes its supremest moment in a noble expiration."

"Are you speaking prophetically?" asked the captain.

"No, historically," replied the doctor.

"The tone of your voice was prophetic," said the captain.

"It may have been so," replied the doctor. "It may be so now when I say that I cannot help but feel that in some manner I am linked with the destiny of Arthur Reide Pendleton."

"Well, Doctor, I will leave you to your thoughts. I have some work awaiting me, and so I will bid you good night." Thus speaking Captain Arthur arose and entered his cabin, leaving Dr. Reide to the companionship of his own thoughts which seemed to present themselves in strange guise as the vessel sped on through the night. The glow of his cigar died out, and unable to shake off a feeling of loneliness, he sought his stateroom, and forgetfulness in slumber.

Captain Arthur arrived at New York safely and his steamer's passengers departed without delay for their various homes. Dr. and Mrs. Reide, with their little daughter Vivian, at once repaired to the Catskills where, after spending the summer which proved beneficial to Mrs. Reide and her child, they resumed once more their abode in New York, where Dr. Reide devoted himself with renewed ardor to the practice of his profession.

Upon the arrival of his vessel at New York, Captain Arthur had delivered the message intrusted to him to the commanding officer of the government forces in the East, whose head-

quarters were on Governor's Island, a short way from the city. That night the United States war vessel *Kearsarge* steamed swiftly out from the lower bay, bound for the coast of France. Captain Arthur's vessel had been detained at quarantine in the lower bay, and he was standing upon the deck as the government vessel swept by him. He saw her commander in full uniform at his post and noted the quick look of interest that overspread his countenance as his glance evidently took in the name of Captain Arthur's vessel. Instantly he raised his hat to Captain Arthur, who saw to his surprise the familiar official envelope he had so jealously guarded and which he had a few hours before delivered to the commandant of the fort, held firmly in the officer's hand. A quick look of intelligence passed between the men, and Captain Arthur, raising his hat, saluted the officer in return. The band on the warship was playing the national air as she passed, and the smoke pouring from her funnels in dense black clouds told of the urgency of her mission. Captain Arthur watched her as she tore through the water, until the sound of the music died away and the vessel herself was lost in the distance.

History has told the thrilling tale of the great sea fight between the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama*, and how the heart of a nation was thrilled at the

glorious victory. The news came with particular effect to Captain Arthur, as it seemed to fully justify the wisdom of his decision when he decided to assume the hazard of delay occasioned by the aid he had rendered the *Albatross*.

A pleasant correspondence with the Pendletons, having commenced shortly afterwards, resulted in his visit the following summer to their home at Portsmouth, where he met Dr. Reide and his family and began the acquaintanceship with his little namesake. The cordial relations thus commenced continued, and as the years galloped on with loosened rein occasional visits and frequent correspondence served to promote a warm and lasting friendship among them all.

Little Arthur grew with the years into a precocious, sweet-dispositioned child, and developed traits of mind and heart that brimmed the parents' days with joy to overflowing. Dr. Reide and Captain Arthur became greatly attached to him and he was a universal favorite in the village.

Dr. Reide's love for his daughter Vivian had been of slow but steady growth, and as she budded into her attractive childhood such love hung unceasingly over her like a humming-bird above a flower. She had inherited her mother's beauty, and her face of olive tint with her shining

black tresses, and dark velvety eyes that flashed with well-sustained pride evidenced her ancestry. She had an imperious manner that seemed to accord with her person, but presented a marked contrast to the gentle manners of Luthie, who, during her visits at Portsmouth, was her most constant companion.

Since the birth of her child a dozen years before, Mrs. Reide had been in delicate health, and in spite of all that could be done for her she gradually failed until one bitter night after many sad days of anxious watching and unceasing care her eyelids drooped in a last sleep. And as Dr. Reide sat with bowed head beside the couch that held her silent form, Vivian crept into his lap and placed her little arms about his neck and her sweet face against his cheek, and as he strained his motherless little daughter to his breast he felt that his love for her had now become the dominating passion of his heart.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DRIVE TO PORTSMOUTH.

The train from the West had pulled into the depot at Porter's Falls with its usual complement of passengers, among whom were several for the village of Portsmouth. Some of them, with the familiarity of old acquaintanceship, greeted Silas Craig, the stage driver, cordially, who, with numerous directions concerning the baggage, busied himself about the station platform until everything belonging to his passengers was securely loaded upon the wide oaken frame at the rear of the coach, and strapped in place with heavy leathern bands. There was one gentleman who had spoken to the driver who was evidently a stranger to him, and now that the baggage was in place he requested the privilege of occupying the seat with Silas on the way over to the village. The seat being vacant, the privilege was readily granted and the passengers having taken their places within the coach, and the gentleman in question having mounted to the driver's seat, Silas gathered up his reins and took his place beside him.

Nodding a farewell to the group of loiterers watching his departure, Silas spoke to his handsome large horses and the coach rolled over the village street, through the bridge, over the river, whose waters foamed as they fell over a sharp ledge beneath, and out onto the country highway with even-going pace. The road was smooth and hard and followed in its trend the clear, rapid-flowing river, occasional glimpses of which were afforded the travelers by openings in the arbor-like banks, where the various trees indigenous to the region marked the course of the stream.

It was a picturesque region through which they were passing, and the stranger occupying the seat with Silas, apparently with keen appreciation of the beauties of the scene, gazed with evident enjoyment upon the pleasing panorama. At times the road ran close to high-mounting banks, where enormous boulders cropping out from the earth seemed ready at a moment's notice to precipitate themselves into the highway below, but clinging with tenacious grasp, they defied the law of gravitation and evoked the wonder of the observer. Upon the surface of grassy banks that sloped to the road, which were starred with the modest daisies and where the golden buttercups lifted up their gentle faces among the grasses of the field, other boulders lying full exposed showed

the soft velvety green of mosses gathered by the years that were gone. Here and there other rocks in curious and various attitudes thrust themselves out of the ground, cloaked in lichens of sober grey, in marked contrast to the occasional round, symmetrical stones of almost pure white color, that also presented themselves to the view of the passenger as the coach bowled easily forward under the impetus of the rapid pace of the thoroughbred horses now eagerly warming to their work which lay before them.

"This is a beautiful country," said the gentleman, momentarily taking his eyes from the enjoyment of the scene to address Silas, who, apparently engrossed with the care of his horses, had nevertheless noted with secret pleasure his companion's appreciation of the beauties about them.

"Yes, 'tis; hain't no better in New England," assented Sile. "Air you a stranger in these parts?" he asked.

"Yes; I have never visited this section before," the gentleman replied. "In fact, I am a stranger to New England. I have read so much of the beautiful scenery of this region that I have often been anxious to visit it, but have never had the opportunity to do so until now."

"You're from York state, I 'spose?" said Silas, glancing up at his seat-mate as he spoke.

"Yes, my home is in the City of the Lakes. I am in the wholesale hardware business, and as a result of considerable correspondence between our house and Mr. Lovell of your town I have come to see him in reference to an enlargement of his store to embrace our line of goods."

"You don't say?" inquired Silas with interest. "I heered Tim speak some of layin' in some hardware. Peepul have got to go clean to the Falls now for everything they want, and it makes it kinder onhandy."

"I presume that you are well acquainted with the people hereabouts?" asked the visitor, yielding to the mood for conversation.

"Yes, I know most ev'rybody, and most ev'rybody knows me. Ain't hardly a body in this town, or the county either—man, woman or child—that don't know Silas Craig," said Silas with some tone of pride revealing itself in his soft, drawling voice, which weakness he hastily endeavored to conceal by a skillful removal of a fly from the flank of the high-strung horse on the right of the pole, with the long lash of the whip that he bore in his right hand.

"My name is John Hale," returned the gentleman politely to Silas' apparent introduction of himself. "I am enjoying my drive with you very much, Mr. Craig," he added, "and I consider it

a very good fortune to have had the place beside you on the coach."

"Well, I'm glad you like it," said Silas. "It's mighty strange what a differunce there is in folks. I've had 'em afore now on the outside grumblin' all the way over 'cause the seats inside was all taken; an other times I've had 'em wait over a trip to get a place outside. I like it best myself outside," he said. "I couldn't get 'long 'thout seein' the road and the sky, and I like to ketch site of the rocks and the river. They all seem like frens to me, and I allus think their watchin' for me and would be disappointed if they didn't see old Sile 'bout this time. You know settin' here so much alone ye git kinder strange thoughts," he added apologetically.

"I don't think your thoughts are strange, Mr. Craig," replied Mr. Hale. "They please me very much. I am a lover of nature, and I like to think that natural objects are not insensible to us.

"There's one of my little frens now," said Silas, nodding towards the inner side of the road where on the top rail of the fence was perched a bright-faced red squirrel. Reaching into the capacious pocket of his coat Silas secured a small bit of bread and deftly tossed it towards the small creature, which darted out of sight at the movement of his hand. Reappearing shortly with the

morsel of food in its mouth, it ran along the rail a short distance and leaping to the ground was lost to sight in the grove through which they were passing.

Mr. Hale had viewed the incident with interest, and remarked as the squirrel disappeared, "The very inhabitants of the forest seem to know you, Mr. Craig."

"Well, some on 'em do," replied Silas.

"Are you in the habit of feeding the squirrels along your route?" Mr. Hale asked.

"I allus calkulate to have somethin' with me to feed a few little creeturs I'm 'quainted with," replied Silas. "This little feller," he continued, "is allus lookin' for the bread; he's pretty tame. Some on 'em don't take it like that, but wait 'til I drive on."

"I see you are kind to animals, Mr. Craig. I have been observing, too, the care you have been giving your horses. They are fine fellows. Did you raise them yourself?" said Mr. Hale, looking with admiration at the animals that without effort still kept their even, swinging trot that bowled the coach along at a rapid pace.

"No," Silas answered, "Cap'n Pendleton raised 'em. He's got the finest stock in the state."

"Captain Pendleton?" inquired Mr. Hale. "Of your town?"

"Yes," said Silas. "He's master of the *Albatross*. She's the largest ship on the coast, you know."

"Where does he raise his horses?" asked Mr. Hale somewhat mystified.

"Oh, he's got a big farm 'bout five miles from town, and he breeds some great hosses I tell you. Cattle, too," he continued reflectively.

"It's unusual for a sea-faring man to be interested in the land, and especially the breeding of live stock, is it not?" asked Mr. Hale.

"I guess 'tis, as a general thing," replied the driver; "but Cap'n Pendleton is an onusual man. He's interested in most everything goin' on. He's plannin' to build a mill now so as to give work to the home folks."

"A mill?" inquire Mr. Hale.

"Yes—a cotton mill," said his companion. "We've got a cardin' mill and a wood-workin' factory and the stave shop now, but 'twant quite enuff and so the Cap'n said he guess'd he'd build a mill. You see we get good power from the river," said he, glancing towards the swiftly-flowing stream.

"Here's Cap'n Pendleton's place," continued Silas, as they reached the top of a long hill that stretched out before them for a mile or more from which, far across the valley that lay at the foot

of the slope, they could see the blue waves of the sea.

As he spoke they reached the entrance to the place and as they passed the large gates a horseman, superbly mounted, dashed down the drive to the highway. After several futile efforts on the part of the animal to unseat its rider, the horse wheeled about and ran up the road with the fleetness of the wind. As the animal reared and plunged in the highway Silas pulled up his horses to avoid a collision, and the momentary halt permitted Mr. Hale to witness the fine animal and the rider's skill, and also gave him a good view of the rider himself, who, as he dashed by the coach, waived his hand to Silas, who was holding his horses with tight rein and viewing the scene with gleaming animation.

"That's Arthur Pendleton," said Silas as he started his horses forward.

CHAPTER VIII.

SILAS' NARRATIVE.

Reaching the top of the steep decline in the road Silas pressed his foot to the brake of the coach, and giving to it the weight of his massive form, he forced the iron shoe to the wheel. The heavy coach had almost brought the trained horses to their haunches as they steadily held the pressing vehicle, till the brake clutching the rasping wheels relieved them of the pressure; and proceeding more easily but at a slow pace down the long hill, Silas afforded Mr. Hale an opportunity to view in silence the magnificent scenery stretched out before them.

Far in the distance as though rising from the very ocean itself could be seen the spire of the meeting-house at Portsmouth. It looked a fine and faint line against the sky viewed through the miles of ether that now bore to the nostrils the first strange taste of the sea. Here and there a sail, diminutive in the distance, glimmered in the sunlight of the waning afternoon and flashed to the hilltop a glint of sun through the transparent atmosphere, as now and then the shifting canvas caught its orient beams.

"He's a fine looking young man," said Mr. Hale, who had been most favorably impressed with the appearance of the rider. He had observed him closely and saw that he was a youth with a frank, striking-looking countenance with high brow and flashing, deep-set eyes, of about sixteen years of age. He had a well-built, handsomely proportioned form with erect carriage and sat his horse with long stirrups which displayed his shapely legs at their full length which clung to the horse's sides as though bound with muscles of steel. He sat his horse easily and despite the desperate plunges of the animal maintained a calm bearing of both person and countenance that bespoke a fine physique becomingly tenanted by a lofty and imperturable spirit. Mr. Hale had viewed him admiringly, and as Silas announced his name he found himself renewing the conversation with especial interest.

"He is Captain Pendleton's son, I presume?" he said as they proceeded slowly down the hill.

"Yes," replied Silas, "his only child—and a fine lad, too."

"I liked his appearance very much. He is a splendid horseman."

"There hain't no better," replied Silas, pleased at the praise of his favorite. "Jim Towles

learned him to ride and he was the best rider I ever see."

"Where is Jim now?" asked Mr. Hale.

"Where's Jim? Oh, he's settin' on the tavern steps," replied Silas, "onless he's inside. He's generally on the steps or in the bar room," he added in explanation.

"Does he keep horses?" said Mr. Hale, entering heartily into the conversation.

"No," answered Silas, "but he used to ride some a good many years ago.

"Didn't you ever heer tell of Guvnor Towles of Wyomin'?" continued Silas. "No? Well, that's Jim. You see 'twas like this. Jim was a mighty smart boy when me and him went to school together in the red school-house up the road there beyond the meetin'-house. He learnt things mighty quick and when the trustee used to come to see the school the teacher would show off with Jim. He'd recite Horasho at the Bridge, and make up a speech out on his own head which sounded fine, and the trustee would look proud-like and stand up and say, 'That's fust class,' and the teacher would be so tickled that he'd let school out fur the rest o' the day.

"Yes," continued Silas thoughtfully, "Jim was awful smart, and a mighty likely feller—fine lookin',

too. He had a lively speerit and was the leader 'mong the young folks in the village. He used to sing in the quire at meetin' for he had a fine tenor voice, and I've heerd him sing "The Sword of Bunker Hill" many a time in the old days, sweet as a bird song. Well, Jim set out to be a lawyer, and he used to live up to Squire Meacham's, in the big house next to our place and read what the law was outen the books the 'squire had. Those days 'Mis Meacham had a girl for help, named Lucy Leland. She was a good girl, quite young and an orphan, and had as pretty an' sweet a face as you'd want to see. She sung in the quire too, and mos' the young fellers in the village was kind o' keepin' comp'ny with Lucy, but she didn't seem to care fur any on 'em—'cept the minister and Jim. The preecher was a young feller an' he was mighty smart, too, and well liked, an' cud preech a terribul powerful sermon. He was pale-feetured, and wore glasses that made him look kind o' solumn like and timid in his manner.

"Jim was a rollickin', harum-scarum feller those days, allus kind o' merry, with big black eyes and a fore-hed like a woman's. But arter awhile she seemed to favor Jim, and the minister didn't have no show like, and one day in meetin' the preecher read a notice that Jim and Lucy

was to be married Sunday next—an' he dropt the paper twict while he read it, and it made me feel kinder sooperstishus."

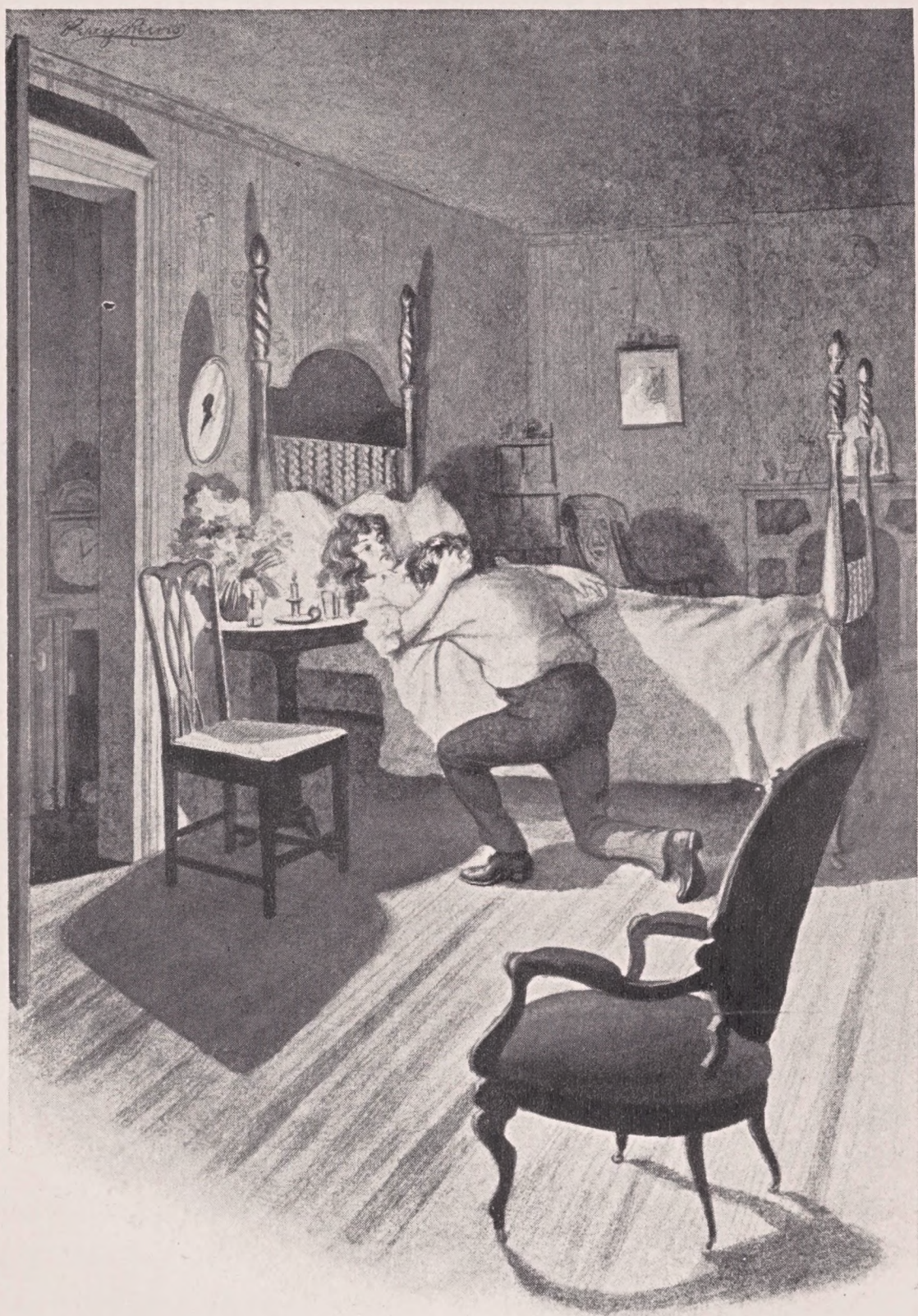
"A few nites arter that Jim was woke up by the 'squire in the middle o' the nite, an' the 'squire told him that Lucy was took sick very sudden and for him to ride his saddle-hoss to the Falls fur a doctor as fast as ever he cud get there. The 'squire's hoss was in our barn; he had brought her from Kentucky and her name was Whisper. That hoss you saw Arthur ridin' is descended from her. I remember how Jim came runnin' without hat or coat on, an' bangin' on our door, and how he had the bridle an' saddle on the mare in a jiffy, an' before I cud hardly speak to him he was on her back an' ridin' like the wind. I remember I thought to ketch her gait as I listened fur the sound of her hoofs gallopin' on the wooden planks of the bridge in the stillness o' the nite, but I didn't heer 'em, fur that mare struck the bridge only onct—she was flyin' like a bird, an' Jim knew how to ride her."

Silas ceased speaking and Mr. Hale, waiting for a moment, said, "Did Jim get the doctor?"

"Yes," returned Silas, haltingly, "but 'twant no use, fur just as the mornin' light came in the sky—Lucy died. I remember it jes as plain as if 'twere yesterday. I waited to take Jim's hoss

when he got back, and the mare was so weak an' trembly on her legs—though she *was* a thoroughbred—that I had to work on her fur quite a spell to get her back in shape agin. But I got her cooled off nice and dry, with her thin legs bandaged up in proper shape, an' I put a good feed in her manger and went over to the Squire's. He heerd my voice in the hallway when I ast how Lucy was, an' he called me to him, an' as I came up the stairway he said, 'Silas, Lucy's dying.' An' thro' the open doorway I saw her with her face as white as was the pillow where she lay; and Jim was kneelin' by her with his face hid in her bosom. Her hand rested on his hed an' I remember how white it looked, most hidden in his long black hair, all mud-spattered from his ridin'."

Again Silas ceased speaking and Mr. Hale, who had sat with lowered eyes, fascinated by the rude eloquence of the simple story, saw Silas transfer both his reins to the left hand as with averted head he stealthily wiped his eyelids with the right sleeve of his coat. Forbearing interruption, he kept the silence until Silas, in low tones, continued, "Well, Jim didn't stay 'round these parts long arter that. He went out West an' kinder drifted 'round fur awhile, an' then he got to be a lawyer, an' one day he was 'lected Lootenant



“Jim was kneelin’ by her with his face hid in her bosom.”

PAGE 72.

Guvnor of Wyomin'. He came back arter a time, an' it seemed sort o' strange to see Jim with a long black coat on an' that jolly look he used to have all gone outen his face, an' to heer the folks all call him Guvnor. He had old man Dodsley — he makes the gravestuns down to Portsmouth — send 'way to Tennessee fur a piece o' marble to make a shaft fur Lucy's grave. There wasn't none in town that suited Jim;—an' you can see it there in the graveyard by the meetin'-house, fur there's none so tall as Lucy's. Jim, he went back West agin, an' kinder took to drink, an' then we heard he'd give up the law and turned to be a cowboy; then we heerd he'd kinder gone to pieces, an' arter that we lost track on him fur years. One day I saw him settin' on my coach at the station—where you be settin' now—an' I knowed him, though he had greatly changed. He came over with me to the village, an' he's ben here ever since."

"It was him that learned Arthur to ride a hoss. He was a good rider afore he went out West, but he learned lots from off the cowboys. They ride with long stirrups there, an' it gives a man a grip on a hoss's sides with his legs, so the hoss can't throw you nohow. I seen some fellers ridin' in the park when I was to Boston onct, an'

they sot upon their hosses like a woman when she sets upon the floor to put her shoes on, an' I had to laff to see 'em."

Glancing at his watch and having reached the bottom of the hill, Silas cracked his long whip and the horses, eager for the home stretch, sprang forward refreshed by the drowsy pace they had taken without remonstrance from Silas, who, unconscious of his action, had relaxed his usual care.

After a few moments of silence Mr. Hale said in a tone of interest, "I hope Jim is getting along well now."

"Well," returned Silas, "kinder so-so. Jim don't drink so much no more, 'cept when a certain time o' year comes round, an' then he's kinder apt to. I remember such a time onct at tem-prunce meetin'. Jim was there. The place was full o' folks to heer the preecher they'd got from Boston. He'd ben out West an' he told o' the work he'd done out there to reform the cowboys. An' he said that some on 'em was hopeless an' lost to sin an' drink furever. He was powerful in earnest an' he spoke redhot agin the whisky demon, an' he pled with those who drank to give the pizen stuff the go-by. An' he said if those who drank would quit their likker they'd be rich insted o' poor; they'd have fertile farms an' brick

blocks; an' as he said this Jim riz up—Jim he'd ben drinkin' or he probly wuddent done it—an' he says, 'Did you say if folks wud quit their likker they'd be rich insted o' poor; wud have brick blocks an' fertile farms?' 'Yes,' said the preecher 'Well, you must drink lots o' likker,' said Jim. 'Not a drop o' the sinful stuff,' says the preecher, kinder angry. 'Well then, where's yourn?' says Jim, an' down he sot agin. The preecher looked confused like and whispured somethin' to the cheerman, who sed no questions must be ast to interrupt the speaker."

"Arter Jim sot down, the preecher went on with his speakin' an' he hammered at the drinkers powerful hard. Said they was lost to all their manhood; that they was no good to nobody; that he wuddent trust 'em nowhere, fur you cuddent rely on 'em; said they cuddent think a good tho't, fur the whisky wuddent let 'em, an' they cuddent do a good deed, fur it sapped their strength an' power. Well, when the preecher finished, the cheerman riz an' sed that his remarks had done 'em all a lot o' good an' the folks was all indebted to him, an' he'd like to ast (if he wasn't tired with his speakin'), if he wuddent tell o' some experience he mite o' had out West with Injuns, if it happened that he'd had sum. An' the preecher sed indeed he had, but he tho't 'twud not be proper

to tell the peepul 'bout himself at such a meetin', but the cheerman sed he tho't 'twud be most interestin' an' knowed that anything he mite tell 'bout himself wud be welcomed by the folks at the meetin'."

"So the preecher told how onct out in Wyomin' in a frontier town they called Larrimy, he had druv out 'bout ten miles to a sheep ranch to pray with a poor woman who had a sick an' dyin' baby. Well, the nite he got there a man rode into town—he'd left that mornin'—with his hoss a drippin' wet an' blowin,' an' brung the news that the Injuns had hedded fur the town, an' was killin' all the settlers an' burnin' all the buildin's. He sed he warned all the peepul 'cept this ranch that I just spoke of, that he'd tried to reach there, but he made his mind up if he tried it that he'd have no time to warn the town."

"An' as the peepul gathered 'bout him as he stood there by his hoss that was tremblin' with droopin' hed and heavin' shoulders, ev'ry one was silent till one man spoke up an' ast who'd go with him to warn these peepul; an' the men shook their heds and sed 'twant no use; 'twas too late, an' they didn't want to waste their lives fur nuthin' when twud do no good. Then this man's face blazed with anger, an' he swore a string o' cuss words an' sed he'd be damned if he'd set idly

by an' let them red devils get that woman an' her baby onless they took his scalp to keep 'em comp'ny, an' he druv his spurs in his hoss's sides an' rode away like mad—alone, across the perairie."

"As the preecher kept on speakin' you cud o' heerd a pin drop, the peepul was so quiet, an' I cud see 'em all a leanin' for'ard in their seats with their eyes all kinder glistenin'—all 'cept Jim, who sat there with his eyes closed an' his hed drooped on his bosom. Then the speaker told how 'bout the time o' midnite they was woke outen their sleep by this man a poundin' on the door with his pistol, an' how scairt the woman was, an' how she kept a faintin' an' a screamin' 'bout her baby so it tuk two on 'em to hold her so they cuddent hitch the hosses, an' finally the man got her quiet by tellin' her his hoss wuddent stan' onless she held him, an' he got off the hoss an' made her hold him an' she petted the hoss when she saw him tremblin' so, an' so they got her mind from off her danger;—an' this man told her how he'd take care o' the baby; that he'd got childrun o' his own an' knew just how to do it (which wasn't so, cuz he hadn't none an' never did have), an' that no one shud hurt that baby. An' when he saw the baby so pinched and peaked in its little face, an' so pale an' deth-like, he pulled his flask

outen his pocket, while the other two men was hitchin' up the hosses an' the mother holdin' his hoss outside, an' he mixed sum whisky in a tumbler with sum water, an' got a spoon an' fed it to the baby; an' the preecher saw him when he came in to tell that the hosses and the wagon was all ready. The preecher sed 'twas no time then to 'monstrate with the man fur such a sinful action.

"An' he went on to tell how this man made a bed fur the baby in the wagon soft an' warm an' put her in it, an' helped 'em all into the wagon, an' then he says (an' right afore the preecher), 'Drive like hell,' an' then they started off, an' the man staid behind a settin' on his hoss with his rifle cocked an' ready, listenin' fur the warhoop, an when they'd got well started he followed arter. An' the preecher told how they lashed the hosses to a run thru' the blackness of the perairie, an' how arter a few miles were traveled they cud see the sky blaze up behind 'em as the Injuns burned their buildin's. An' he told how they got to town safe an' sound with the baby sweetly sleepin' through it all, an' how the baby got well right along arter that nite an' prospered.

"An' as the preecher told this he finished an' then sot down, an' all the peepul heaved a deep breath an' the cheerman said kinder husky, 'twas an

interestin' recital, an' they all felt so thankful that God had saved him from the redskins. An' then he ast the preecher who the man was who had ridden out to help them, an' the preecher sed he was a worthless, drunken feller who hung 'bout the town there, an' that his name was Towles, if he didn't disremember."

Silas stopped his story and looking at his watch, again urged his horses forward at a more rapid pace, and looking up at Mr. Hale, he said, "That was Jim;—onct Lootenant Guvnor of Wyomin', an' the man that learned Arthur what he knows 'bout hoss-back ridin'. Somehow or other the preecher's story got in the paper over to the Falls, an' pretty soon a chap came down from Boston to write it fur his paper. He rode with me over to the village an' ast me all 'bout the meetin', an' I told it to him, just as I remembered, an' he put my name in the paper—fur I seen it there myself—a 'long a side o' Jim's.

"An' arter that, peepul comin' over used to ast me all 'bout him an' seemed to want to praise him, but he didn't seem to like it, fur he'd allus bow genteel like, an' walk off an' leave 'em. He never talks with peepul much, even those that know him in the village, but me an' Jim are good frends, 'cause he remembers when me and him was school boys together. He keeps by himself most

all the time, an' duzzent care for no one—onless its me an' Arthur."

The sound of Silas' voice having ceased, Mr. Hale perceived that his companion's emotions were awakened by the recollections that he had summoned and forbore to interrupt him, but yielding himself to the feelings so deeply excited in his own breast by the tale that had been told, became lost in thought.

The coach was now rapidly approaching the outskirts of the town, to the various objects of which Mr. Hale now began to give his attention, which was so interestingly engaged that almost before he knew it the rumble of the coach wheels on the covered bridge told him that they had reached the village; and the church upon the hill-side coming fully to his view as the coach swung round the curve where the river bends almost at right angles to reach the town, he saw the hands of the large clock upon the church tower point to the hour of five, and as he looked, he heard the mellow notes of the bell rising above the rumble of the wheels as the clock struck the hour.

As the coach drew up to the village inn Mr. Hale saw the usual group of persons gathered to watch its arrival, and aside from the others, he saw a man sitting on the steps where the projecting porch commanded a view of the sea. He

glanced up as the coach stopped, and Mr. Hale looked into his face with its black hair lying in heavy locks over the brow that Mr. Hale remembered Silas had said was "like a woman's." He saw the eyes look wearily upward, still black, but dull as embers that had spent their fire; and the rough, dark blue shirt, opened carelessly at the throat, showed the skin, white, too, like a woman's; and as he moved his head the cords on his throat revealed the muscular development of the man amply corroborated, Mr. Hale noticed, by his broad chest and shoulders.

Silas saw him, too, as he whirled his whipstock in air to wind the long lash about the handle. And Mr. Hale would have known him as he sat there even if Silas, as he threw his reins to a waiting hostler, had not whispered, "That's Jim;—he was onct Lootenent Guvnor of Wyomin."

CHAPTER IX.

MR. HALE AT THE HOME OF THE PENDLETONS.

Several days had elapsed since Mr. Hale arrived at Portsmouth and he had lingered with an uncertainty as to the date of his departure. His business with Mr. Lovell had been accomplished in a manner that proved very satisfactory to them both. Early in his conversation with the merchant the latter had spoken of the new cotton mill that was being planned by Captain Pendleton, and had expressed a desire that Mr. Hale should meet the captain, and give him such suggestions as to its equipment as might in his judgment prove advantageous to the enterprise. Captain Pendleton was absent at the time in Boston and Mr. Hale readily consented to await his return, which was looked for within a few days at the furthest.

In the meantime Mr. Hale had found much of interest to divert his attention in and about the village. The beautiful scenery of the region was at all times a source of pleasure to him, and there was no moment that hung idly on his hands while such panoramic opportunities were capable

of his availment. He found much interest in acquainting himself with the nature and customs of the people, which in many respects he found differing considerably from those in other sections of the country with which he was familiar and, as he observed, were the legitimate results of the traditions and early experiences of that region which, named after the British Isle and still called new, was old enough, he thought, to have created the greatest epoch in history, to have upheld by courageous arm that knew no weakening the Virginian interpretation of the rights of man, and to have inculcated and practiced rules of life that would yet shape and mould the character of a nation and rescue and determine the destiny and liberties of a great people in the momentous years that were to come.

Mr. Hale had truly a wonderful mind and a nature correspondingly unusual. He was a self-made man, but with none of the characteristics of the crude specimens that society boastfully exhibits at times as they are pushed to the forefront of our busy American life. He was a native of the City of the Lakes and in early years, being thrown upon his own resources, he became engaged in an establishment located in that thriving port, that was already beginning to acquire importance as the gateway to the great

and fertile domain that lay to the westward of that inland sea, whose clear waters in their falling at the brink of a mighty precipice miles away, easily became the eighth wonder of the world. This establishment manufactured milling machinery and Mr. Hale became thoroughly acquainted with the business in all its details. After a number of years' service in this relation he transferred his connection to a large manufacturing and jobbing concern, also located in his home city, which made many specialties common to the hardware business and dealt generally with all articles known to this trade.

Mr. Hale devoted his excellent abilities to his business matters with a determination to more than engage them in a superficial manner for the purpose of abstracting therefrom a mere livelihood. On the other hand no ambition for money had ever gained control of his thoughts, and his attitude towards his labors was that of a man who conscientiously strives to contribute no effort short of his best ability and most strenuous exertion to any undertaking in which he is engaged. Stimulated by no inordinate desire for monetary reward, but guided by the desire to do whatever he undertook in the best manner possible, to learn about his business all there was to be learned and to so equip and conduct himself as to render

to himself the satisfaction of the fullest acquirement and to secure for his customers as well as his employers the best benefit of his knowledge, skill, and experience, he found that his daily labors in business life in no wise conflicted with his more important endeavors for the development of his life and character.

His experience proved of great value to Captain Pendleton, to whom Mr. Hale was introduced immediately upon his arrival home. Mr. Hale had looked forward with anticipation to meeting Captain Pendleton, and the latter finding the visitor from the City of the Lakes such an intelligent and companionable gentleman, pressed his invitation upon Mr. Hale to be his guest with such sincerity that the afternoon following the captain's return he found himself domiciled in the Pendleton home. But unfortunately his anticipated pleasure of several days' visit had scarce begun ere it was revoked by receipt of a letter on the evening mail, containing an urgent demand for his presence home and necessitated, much to his regret, a decision for his departure by the stage of the following morning.

He had been at the Pendleton home but a few hours before this summons came, but the time had been sufficiently long for him to appreciate to the full the rare flavor of the hospitality dis-

pensed by the ancestral place where he was now a guest; and he surrendered with reluctance the anticipated intercourse with Captain and Mrs. Pendleton, a brief acquaintance with whom had alluringly suggested to his peculiarly constituted nature a communion of a highly enjoyable and beneficial kind. Mr. Hale had been charmed with Mrs. Pendleton, and as she greeted him in the broad, old-fashioned hallway he appreciated instinctively her liberal culture. To one of his nature and training Mrs. Pendleton's high mental and moral attributes became apparent with facility, and without the necessity of the closer inspection that most others would have required.

Mr. Hale had been deprived of the usual opportunities for educational acquirement, but his nature was such that he could easily dispense with much of the formality of instruction thus denied him and still progress towards that cultivation that early became the spontaneous and expanding growth of his existence; and as he entered the Pendleton home he was recognized by its occupants as being a business man of unusual culture. Favored by nature at the outset with a mind of unusual power and a spirit open to all the best and sweetest influences of life, and with a fine physique, capable of enduring the severe strain his ambition placed upon it,

Mr. Hale made good use of the talent intrusted to his care, and now showed plainly the profitable use he had made of his trust. His denial of educational opportunities had only stimulated his ambition for an education, and as he ranged the wide expanse of thought and history his researches in his earnestness often led him into secluded but attractive fields of mental endeavor and philosophical study which, having escaped the consideration of the more formal student, brought to him that peculiar delight that is alone vouchsafed the one who combines in himself the hardihood of the discoverer with the perception of the connoisseur.

His large thought had naturally brought him into close relations with matters of reform and he had early lent himself to the movement for religious tolerance in this country of which he was an earnest advocate; and also to the later movement for the abolition of slavery, in which from his earliest manhood he had been strenuously engaged. Thus he naturally progressed to the consideration of the social and economic questions that begun to force themselves upon the attention of the thoughtful, owing to unwise laws founded upon the religious superstition of a remote and darkened period of society which still constrained the freedom of its members, notwithstanding the enfranchisement so solemnly promised by the

Spirit of the Age, and also by the baneful ambitions that had sprung into existence with the large fortunes made possible by the bloody favors of the great civil war.

As a young man Mr. Hale had contracted an alliance with a young woman who was a resident of a beautiful village situated but a short distance from his native city. She was a woman of those characteristic mentalities that such association served at all times to encourage his ambitions along the various lines of his development and to create for him, and herself as well, a relation that found in its daily unfoldment an existence of great benefit and happiness. She possessed a firmness of spirit that caused an admirable self-reliance to be as natural to her as it was unusual in a woman. Her flashing grey eyes denoted a lofty courage that knew no fear and her firm lips and chin, that seemed not to mar the delicate contour of her face, but rather added to its natural and striking attractiveness, bespoke the Spartan spirit that dwelt within. She combined with an appreciative mind the rare faculty of being a good listener, which made her most companionable, and a fitting recipient of the confidences of her husband, so freely bestowed upon her, and caused her to contribute her continual encouragement to his thought and labors.

Of a benevolent disposition, she was constantly doing good in her own way, and to firmness of will she attached a spirit of kindness and justice that was attractive to behold. While possessing so much self-control, she bestowed upon those worthy of it an unalloyed affection; and that she was capable of a great and lasting attachment was witnessed both by the love she bore for her husband, and later by her passionate devotion to the sweet little being she one day cuddled in her arms while her ears eagerly drank in the first startled cry of her new-born child. The years flowed on, and as they passed, this love and devotion grew and expanded with the development of this little one who seemed to hold within her keeping the combined spirit of both her parents, which was evidenced in many ways and as readily marked as was the hereditary, physical attribute she possessed in the queenly, charming carriage of her mother. Indeed, the child possessed many of the physical and mental characteristics of both parents, supplemented by those peculiarly her own, that gave promise of attractive beauty as fitting accompaniment to unusual embellishments of mind.

Mr. Hale had rendered Captain Pendleton much benefit as they advised and planned together for the new mill which the former dis-

cerned was a matter of intense interest to Captain Pendleton. As they sat upon the broad porch of the house the evening before Mr. Hale's departure, his attention was again called to the subject of the mill by Captain Pendleton recurring to various considerations of the matter which suggested themselves to his mind. Mr. Hale learned with great interest of Captain Pendleton's plan to have every person engaged in the new mill in any capacity whatever, to be a sharer in the enterprise. Stock was to be issued to each employee at actual cost and those few, if any, who were unable to purchase the same could still secure it by small payments, to be charged upon their incomes from the business. The employees were to elect their own superintendent and other officials and to manage and plan the business without control from Captain Pendleton, except as they should seek his assistance and advice. Furthermore, he added, its financial success would be guaranteed by himself, so that no person should meet with loss by engaging in the enterprise.

Finally disposing of the subject as they were joined by Mrs. Pendleton, they enjoyed the evening in valued conversation. The time passed much too rapidly for them all and the hour of retiring was reached quite too soon, though pro-

tracted beyond its usual time by the attractive considerations of the moment. Before rising from his chair upon the porch which was dimly lighted by the heavy, artistically wrought iron lamp stationed at the arch of the winding drive before the steps, Mr. Hale, turning to Mrs. Pendleton, remarked, "I have expressed my regret at the necessity of my sudden departure, but I experience it in no small measure from my inability to meet your son."

Mrs. Pendleton spoke with fondness as she replied, "Indeed, I share your disappointment, Mr. Hale. I, too, had counted upon your meeting Arthur and I intended to send up to The Place for him tomorrow. I know that you would like him and that he would be much attracted to you. He is a wonderful boy, Mr. Hale, if you will please let a fond mother boast a little, and both Mr. Pendleton and myself, as you can well imagine, are very proud of him."

"Your boasting is very warranted," replied Mr. Hale; "you remember I told you of the interesting glimpse I caught of him on my way to the village and I assure you that I sincerely feel the impression his fine appearance made upon me, and I beg to say that the splendid qualities I judged him to possess, and which I have intimated to you in my brief estimate of him while

at dinner, were most happily borne out by the voluntary testimony of the people of the village whom I have met during my sojourn here. I promise myself the pleasure of seeing him at some time in the future. Is this his last year at Andover?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied. "He takes his examinations for Yale in the Spring, and will enter college next autumn. We do miss him so when he is away at school that I cannot contemplate that long college course with any complaisancy whatever. But mothers' heartstrings have to endure these strains I presume, and there is nothing to be gained by repining."

"I was up to The Place to see Arthur yesterday," she continued. "He has been there for the past week training some of the horses. I am always worried that some of those spirited animals will injure him some day, but the Captain laughs at my fears. He says that he is worried for fear that Arthur will injure some of his horses. But I know he will not, for he has the kindest heart of any boy in the world. And I presume I am foolish to worry about him, he is such a fine horseman. He is very fond of athletics, you know. The Captain has encouraged it, for he feels that a strong physique is a proper habitation for a lofty spirit, and Arthur has learned to value courage as a signal virtue.

"I fear you will think I am very selfish, Mr. Hale," Mrs. Pendleton continued. "I have talked so much about Arthur ever since you came. You will forgive me, will you not?" she asked.

"I assure you, Mrs. Pendleton," Mr. Hale replied, "that I have enjoyed every word we have spoken about your son. I feel strongly attracted to him and I know that he is worthy of your pride and devotion. You know that our daughter is our only child, and I feel that in telling you of her I unrestrainedly gave way to the great love I bear her. These emotions of a parent's heart are the dearest of existence and their free play is in accordance with the law of nature."

"I thank you so much for saying so, Mr. Hale," replied Mrs. Pendleton. "I am so prone to yield to the natural inclinations of the heart that I feel sometimes in conflict with the rigid rules of society that forbid them."

"Man has much yet to learn from Nature," replied Mr. Hale; "and he who studies her most is apt to discover wisdom vouchsafed only to her votaries. You cannot tell me too much of Arthur, and were not the hour so late I would gratify my temptation to learn more about him."

As they rose to retire for the night and before good-night was spoken Mrs. Pendleton addressed her guest once more as they stood in the hallway

at the foot of the broad staircase, and speaking with a pleasant smile, she said, "It occurs to me that in all I have learned of your daughter in this brief visit, Mr. Hale, you have not yet acquainted me with her name. Do you realize that you have not told me the name of your sweet child?"

In a voice of fondness Mr. Hale replied, "Her name is Alicia. Do you like it?"

"Alicia," she said; "it is beautiful." And then sweetly and lingeringly she spoke again in tender tones, "ALICIA."

CHAPTER X.

JOHN LAKELEY'S DAUGHTER.

In the early part of the year 1850 there was living in an English cathedral town a family by the name of Landseer. They were a hardy type of the English tenant farmer, but bore evidences of a more general intelligence and training than ordinarily prevails among people of that class. The family consisted of Robert Landseer and wife, with whom there dwelt John Lakeley, the brother of the latter, who had resided with them since the death of their parents a short time before. The brother was of a roving disposition and rarely made the Landseer fireside know his presence, although it was the one place he called home. Robert Landseer was a young man who a few years after reaching his majority married the daughter of the clergyman attached to the church of the adjoining hamlet, and whom he had known for years and who, in fact, had been his playmate in childhood. She was a gentle girl and with her brother had received an excellent English education under the tutorship of their father, the Reverend Lawrence Lakeley. Having been at-

tracted by the advantages of America, Robert Landseer had settled in one of the New England states, and after a time, learning of the fertile lands further towards the West, he sought a home beyond the Hudson.

In that portion of New York state that lies several hundred miles to the northwest of tide-water and about a half-day's journey to the shores of Canada, there is a region that seems to have been especially favored by nature for the benefit and delight of man. With its sweeping hills and fertile valleys, its equable climate and charming seasons, its numerous lakes with their crystal waters and wooded shores, this favored bit of territory early attracted settlers coming into this newer region looking for a home. Robert Landseer, having learned of the attractiveness of this territory, was drawn to the spot as much by its beauty, which vies with the more renowned scenery of the great domain justly called the Empire State, as he was by the generous fertility of the soil. The clear waters of the lake, the rich soil of the valley, and the luxuriant grasses of the hills, and the varied view of valley, hill, and sky, with changing mood of inconstant lake contributed such promise of generous store and picturesqueness of scene that it determined many a one to choose there a site for a home; and Robert Land-

seer coming from the East had located a farm of two hundred acres upon the shores of the largest of the beautiful lakes in which the region abounds.

A son having been born to Mr. Landseer and wife shortly after their establishment there, they bestowed upon him the name of John Lakeley Landseer, naming him after their brother, John Lakeley, whom they had not heard from for years, and whom now they felt they would never see again. They found neighbors fast settling in the region and by a natural process they early formed the acquaintance of their nearest neighbor on the shore of the lake, at the foot of which the small hamlet of Canassaga was assuming the aspect of a small village. The family consisted of Charles Blake and wife and little son, Edmund, of about the same age as young Landseer. They grew up together and became schoolmates and play-fellows.

Robert Landseer was a man of principle, and while he had not an education in any respect, he had a naturally bright mind and was a close reader of the current topics of the time. His tolerant spirit inclined his ear to the teachings of Clarkson and Wilberforce; and to that great commoner, John Bright, he was especially attracted, in whose person he was fain to see again "a man sent by God whose name was John."

His interest in the slavery question thus caused him after his settlement in America to watch the growing events of the time with careful appreciation, and after the fall of Sumter, although an Englishman, he warmly espoused the cause of the North. Finally a company being raised in his section of New York state to supply the depletion of a regiment that had seen hard service in the field, his ardent principles compelled him to enlist, and leaving his home with saddened heart, he soon found himself on Southern battlefields. Receiving a commission for valor in the field, which he declined on the ground of his brief service and that many men who had borne the brunt of battle long before he had left his pleasant home beside the lake were more entitled to it, he was already, with the march of events, looking forward to the close of the war when he was captured while bearing despatches, and imprisoned at Andersonville, where he soon sickened and died. His remains were sent home to be interred in the cemetery at Canassaga, and his wife as she looked over the pleasant scenery of her home that her husband loved so well, realized that her hope and joy of future years lay in her son who was growing into a healthy, manly boy and showing a devotion to his mother that cheered her saddened heart with its intensity.

The difference between her son and his playmate, young Blake, became marked as the years went on. They did not resemble each other in the slightest particular. John Landseer was a big, slow-going youngster, who studied hard and cared more for study than play. Edmund Blake on the contrary was a slender, rather small lad, quick and active, who seemed to care for books not at all and quite unhappy unless engaged in some lively diversion. John grew up to like work as well as study and pushed his sturdy endeavors towards valued achievement. He found a satisfaction in the fields and the woods, and the constantly changing scene of nature's shifting canvas in the lovely region in which they dwelt, developed a sincere love for the natural and the beautiful. Working on the farm in summer and teaching school in winter and pushing along in his studies and labors in every odd hour at his disposal, he progressed towards that period of life where he found his ambition to enter Yale college realized. This had been accomplished only after a hard struggle, as the straitened circumstances of his mother had made many heroic labors on his part necessary to carry on the farm and pursue his studies and prepare a way, at least in part, for his college course, and the conduct of the farm in his absence.

But the farm was rich and seemed to co-operate with the boy and his mother in making possible this plan so dear to both their hearts. And when he left her in the fall to enter his freshman year his sturdy heart weakened at the anguish of parting with his mother, and her grief as he drove away would have caused him to surrender his cherished plan if she would have permitted it.

In the meantime his old schoolfellow had followed the bent of his inclination and caring nothing for the work of the farm which he had unwillingly followed as a schoolboy at home, and not having a mind to read the open book of nature held up before him, he ere long found himself with eagerness learning the mystery that lurks in figures, at a business college in a growing town in the county adjoining his home. Finishing his course there he bade farewell to his parents and securing a position in a large milling establishment in the thriving City of the Lakes, made that city ever after his home.

With only the rudiments of an education and without experience of any kind except that which falls to the usual country lad, Edmund Blake, notwithstanding, possessed an unusual faculty of absorption that brought to his possession much knowledge of considerable value. He was ever on the alert for a gain in business experience and

knowledge, and anything that might contribute to such fund received his ardent attention. As he gained business experience his mind acquired the daring of originality of a most successful kind. He developed a brightness and versatility in business matters that showed him to be possessed of faculties of an unusual order. His ambition to establish himself in business having been gratified by an opportunity that had presented itself and which he had been quick to seize, he worked with energy and gratifying success towards the accumulation of a fortune.

With his success in business came his desire for acquaintance and social connections and he now began to give more attention to matters of this nature. He became fond of society, and outdoor sports that had the character of social functions. While rather cold in his demeanor and conservative in his temperament, his earnestness and good taste in social matters and his apparent good-will and desire to make himself agreeable, with a careful attention, which was natural to him, to details, and the strict observance of the small rules that society requires from her adherents, caused him to be well received; and his sincere devotion to the sports in which he engaged made him popular with the people whom he met. His acquaintanceship extended, and he found himself

feeling well established in the City of the Lakes.

A considerable time prior to the departure of Robert Landseer and his wife from England, their brother, John Lakeley, had made his way to Milford Haven, the nearest seaport town, and taken passage in a ship bound for the Eldorado of the new world. Sailing around the Horn, he finally arrived at the Golden Gate of the Pacific slope and making his way to the gold fields, he acquired the practical knowledge of the miner, but met with slight success in obtaining gold. Drifting to San Francisco, he became attached to the assay office, working there under governmental authority, and realizing a natural bent in that direction he followed the study of minerals until he became skilled as a metallurgist. Attracted again to the fields by the new discoveries in that rich territory saved to America from the northwest British possessions by the hardy and patriotic Lewis and Clark, in the course of his explorations in the territory of Washington he discovered a deposit of a metal with which he was entirely unfamiliar.

Taking samples of the metal with him, he returned to San Francisco, where with the facilities of the laboratory at hand once more, he found that he had discovered the rare metal molybdenum,

which in England he knew was prized as an ingredient in a process for hardening steel, but which had not come into use to any extent on account of the rarity and cost of the metal. Returning to the locality of his discovery, he found that two Englishmen, attracted to the section from over the Canadian border by the reports of gold, had discovered the same deposit of molybdenum and knowing its value, had taken up the land. It proved to be deposited in limited quantities, and his further search failing to reveal the slightest trace of more ore, he believed that the statement of the books that the metal was very rare and limited in its deposits, was borne out by the facts of the situation. Having met with no success in all his prospecting operations, he turned his footsteps to the less known regions of the British possessions of the north.

Ill luck still attended him, and worn out by hardship and disappointment, he was about to give up in despair when he chanced to learn from an Indian guide to whom he had rendered a favor that the curious metal which he carried in his pocket as a keepsake was deposited in great quantities in a rough and isolated section of Eastern Canada. The vast quantities of the metal as described by the Indian caused him to have no faith in the story, but nevertheless being possessed

by a growing desire to visit England again he made his way towards the East, and the spot described. Arriving there, his trained eye immediately appreciated that he had made a discovery of importance. The ground was rich with metal—it cropped out in ore that was almost pure molybdenum in heavy layers. The deposit was worth, he saw, an untold fortune. Making his way to Montreal, he took the necessary steps to secure the mineral rights of the land. Excited by his discovery, he abandoned the idea of returning to England for the present, when suddenly and without warning he fell violently ill. “Brain fever,” the doctor at the hospital said, “caused by exposure and excitement. No chance for recovery.”

The nurse that attended him was of the type that clings fast to the rule “don’t surrender—you can always do that.” She therefore cared for him assiduously night and day until finally he was convalescent. Marriage followed, and then in time came a baby girl to cheer the frail mother for the brief period of a year till she died. With his motherless child John Lakeley sought in an English ship a passage home, expecting to place his daughter in the care of his sister’s family, not having learned by reason of his wanderings that they had immigrated to America some years before.

Never of a strong constitution and weakened by his hardships and exposure through a series of years, and shattered by his illness and the shock of his wife's recent death, he became shortly after sailing seriously ill; and growing worse and with a presentiment that he would never see his native land again, in his last moments he confided his little girl to the care of the captain of the vessel. That night the ship foundered at sea. The name of the ship was the *Lady Luthie*.

CHAPTER XI.

COLLEGE DAYS.

The impressionable nature of Arthur made him susceptible, with his general characteristics of heart and mind, to the best influences of college life, and he escaped its many evil tendencies. He already had a mind showing power and training under his zealous and thorough course of the preliminary curriculum of the schools which enabled him, with his hereditary instincts, his largeness of thought, his home training, and tendency of his aims to procure cultural advantages from his college course of which the ordinary student was not capable, and in fact had very little appreciation of at all.

The whole course of his existence had been unconsciously fitting him for the best realization of the advantages now lavishly surrounding him, and his home life and teaching contributed in a great degree to his well-being in his new life.

And so he was ready to receive in this college world of romance such inspiration, and such unfoldment of a threefold character—of body,

soul, and mind—and at a time in life when such influences become gifts for perpetual good, that made him feel, as he realized it, that he had discovered the much-sought-for Utopia of Sir Thomas More.

From the refinements of his mother's mind with its vast store of knowledge, from her good taste, philosophical tinge of advanced thought, the beauty of her spirit and gentleness of her being and also from the liberality of his father's rugged mind, his courage, integrity, generosity and simple tastes, he had throughout the period of his youth drawn influences for his development, and preparation for that advancement which a college education promises to those wise enough to receive it, of the most fitting and enduring character. His constant communion with his parents during his home life had created a continual consideration of and a highly interesting discourse concerning the wide field of men and manners, books and periods, nature and philosophy, with a due attention to the practical affairs and common-place virtues of every day life such as few families, unfortunately, are able to afford. All this tended towards his singular development, and as he entered into college life he was able to perceive and appreciate the mysterious influence of the greatness of the thought and knowl-

edge that had been gathered from all periods and places for his consideration and benefit, and he felt his pulses throbbing as did the ancients, he imagined, as they sipped the inspiring waters of Castalia.

He had many warm friends among the students, and found a number to whom he was closely drawn. He found a growing attachment for a classmate by the name of John Lakeley Landseer, whose home was in the lake region of New York state, and they became roommates and chums. John Landseer early developed a popularity, not only in his class, but in the college at large, that was most pleasing to Arthur. He was a big, brawny fellow and fond of athletics in which, with the skillful training afforded the students at Yale, he soon excelled. One who is successful in athletics at college is always assured of popularity, and John Landseer was no exception to the rule. He was withal such a good fellow, with a sturdy honesty and a generous heart, which characteristics revealed themselves in his frank, cheerful countenance, that he easily became the central figure in his class, with one exception—and that was Arthur. The latter, too, was prominent in athletics, but had not given to the contested events which attract attention, the close devotion that seemed to

have been required from his chum by popular demand.

Notwithstanding, he worked unceasingly and systematically in the gymnasium, and in the field events, and on the water, and developed his already fine physique to admirable proportions of strength and symmetry. The two young men worked together at their studies, though John could not keep pace with Arthur in his wide range of achievement. But they were both moved by the same ambition and earnest endeavors and they found their association of great mutual benefit and enjoyment.

Jack, as he was familiarly known in college, and whose popularity had grown since he stroked his class boat to victory in his freshman year, was obliged to work in various ways, often in the professors' gardens, or in the laboratories as assistant at demonstrations to eke out his limited income. His vacations were spent at home, where he worked on the farm with the energy of a giant as though he would do a year's work in the few months vouchsafed him. The joy of his mother at his home-coming was equalled by his own happiness, and she witnessed his growing development with the keenness of vision and rapture of heart such as a mother only knows. He was her hope and strength, her joy and pride.

and as she looked forward to his return from college at the end of his course with his honors fresh upon him, which in her fond motherly pride she thought of wondrous greatness, to take up his life work which it had always been decided should be upon the home acres to which they were both so strongly attached, the future presented to her view no other picture than unalloyed happiness.

One afternoon towards the close of the junior year Arthur entered his study and addressing Jack, said gayly, "Well, Jack, I have a letter from my mother and she says I must positively insist upon your long-deferred acceptance of her invitation to come home with me."

"You know, Arthur, how much I have desired to visit your home but it has hardly been possible for me to do so."

"But, Jack, you must accept now. You will disappoint mother, and besides there are two young ladies who will be doubly disappointed."

"Two young ladies?" repeated Jack wonderingly.

"Yes," replied Arthur, "Vivian and Luthie."

"Oh," said Jack mechanically, who had still thought of them as little girls.

"They have learned that you are a prodigy of valor and erudition," continued Arthur lightly.

"Mother writes that both of the girls are home, and that they are expecting you to come with me. It would be cruel to blight their young lives, Jack, by longer withholding your heroic self from their admiring gaze."

"Spare me, Arthur," said Jack good naturedly.

"Give me your acceptance and I will," said Arthur."

"You have that, for I have decided to accept the invitation. You know how gladly I would have done so ere this had it been a possibility."

"I will write mother immediately, and will for once make good news travel fast," and sitting at his study table Arthur was at once engrossed in the letter to his mother which he prepared to carry to the post, and as he reached for hat and cane, which latter now graced the dignity of his position as an upper classman, he said to Jack, "What a radical old Diggles is."

"He has a good mind," returned Jack, "and what is best of all, the courage of his convictions. Courage is a splendid virtue," he added feelingly.

"Old Diggles claimed it was the greatest, unless we except sentiment. He was holding forth in his earnest way down on the steps of the chemical lab. and I joined the fellows to listen to him for a moment."

"What was the matter?" asked Jack.

"Well, it happened that Packerton had offered to bet ten dollars that old Jimmie Colliver would run before he reached the chapel. Diggles was standing by and he made the bet to him."

"Which Packerton?" interrupted Jack.

"Chicago," answered Arthur, giving him the appellation by which he was distinguished from another student of the same name. "Diggles declined the bet, and made some remark about the senseless practice, and you know what a fellow Packerton is to bet—he bets on everything. Well, Diggles replied to him and before long they were engaged in an earnest discussion."

The collegians had been referring to a habit of Professor Colliver, which was that of breaking into a run while walking, before he had gone any appreciable distance. His mind was always so deeply engaged upon some original and abstruse mathematical problem, that by a sort of sympathetic relation his body would endeavor to keep pace with his thoughts by propelling him forward at times at a sharp gait.

"What was it that Diggles said about sentiment and courage?" Jack asked, referring to the subject again.

"Oh, they branched off in a pretty warm discussion. Diggles claimed that the college, as a general proposition, did more harm than good.

He said that there were very few students fitted either by training or nature to pursue a college course with any benefit, and to many it was a positive harm. He said the ordinary student had no appreciation of his advantages, and he said he never sat in a lecture in the anatomical lab. without thinking that Doc. Wildare's skeleton, that he has in his case, is grinning at the ridiculous efforts of the ridiculous off-spring of ambitious parents who have determined that their children shall have an education, whether or no."

"Diggles is a little severe sometimes, and sarcastic, too," said Jack laughing.

"He grew quite eloquent," continued Arthur. "All the fellows listened and didn't try to guy him except Packerton, who did at first, before they got into a more serious discussion. Diggles said that in the majority of fellows there is an entire absence of sentiment which he claimed was the greatest virtue except courage of which mankind is capable, and that they never have the slightest possibility of understanding the definition of the word culture. Such fellows, he said, blundered through college like the proverbial bull through the china shop, smashing the delicate Sevres to fragments. The water runs no more easily from the duck's back than they escape the influences for the true and beautiful from college cloistered

walls. Diggles claimed that sentiment had accomplished all the great movements of the world. Packerton denied it and asserted that necessity was the mainspring. The argument became heated, and finally Packerton lost his temper and he seemed to refer in a personal way to Diggles' necessities, which I saw hurt him very much. Diggles had come out pretty sharply upon the question of idle vices which Packerton thought bore heavily upon his betting, but as I saw the discussion getting warm I drew Diggles' attention to me by asking if it were not a good thing to try, even if one did not succeed."

"What did Diggles say to that?" asked Jack.

"'Not always,' said old Diggles, 'but he hoped that in time these conditions would right themselves; that only those who can appreciate their sheepskin would get it; that the people would learn that it is nobler to live by one's brains and hands than by one's wits, and that culture and education to the many are more possible in the home, the fields, the shops, and the various walks of life than in college halls, if a sincere desire for such achievement once obtains. I ended the discussion by making the announcement that Billy Ruggles can't play in the game tomorrow.'"

"Can't play in the game tomorrow?" exclaimed Jack in consternation. "What's the matter?"

"He has sprained his wrist," said Arthur.

"That settles the game," replied Jack. "We lose, that's all."

"Packerton stopped the talk at once and he walked up to the hall with me. He's feeling badly, I tell you. He told me in confidence, except to you since you are my chum and on the team, that he had bet his last quarter's allowance that he just got from home on the game tomorrow."

"How much is it?" said Jack.

"One thousand dollars," replied Arthur.

"'Billy's batting would have won the game, but now it's all off,' is what Packerton said to me. He is very penitent now and he says he will have to send to his father for another draft for the same amount, for that is the very least he can put on his debts and he will have to show up the whole thing to his father, and that settles his degree, for his father, he says, will take him out of college. I am sorry for him—a senior next year, too. It's had one good effect anyhow, because he says he will never bet again—says he will quit gambling forever. He feels awfully broken up about it. It seems hard luck now that he is through with the habit that it has got to spoil his course and make him lose his degree."

"Who goes on in Billy's place?" asked Jack.

"Old Diggles," Arthur replied.

"Diggles," exclaimed Jack. "Why, he never hit a ball in his life. We lose, that's certain, and Packerton's stuck; and think of it, Arthur, the deciding game of the championship, too. It's too bad." And Jack with gloomy countenance walked back and forth in the little study as he thought of the disaster of the morrow.

The day of the ball game that was to decide the championship of the season between Yale and Harvard dawned bright and clear. The interest was intense, and long before the hour for the game the field began to be filled with an increasing throng of people until finally as the hour approached it was seen that the numbers in attendance, would surpass any event of similar character that had ever been held in New Haven.

Diggles was a stout, big youth and a classmate of Jack and Arthur. He had come from a New England farm, and was working his way through college. He was an earnest, honest youth with ideas considered radical by many, but well liked for his simple, rugged nature. He was fond of out-door sports and particularly baseball, and was a substitute on the university team. He played in the outfield where he was the most skillful player in college, but at the bat he was worthless; for some reason it was an impossibility for him to strike the ball. He seemed to be

hypnotized when standing at the plate, and always was retired without a run to his credit by missing the sphere altogether or having the required strikes called by the umpire.

The game proved the closest and most exciting that had ever occurred in the long athletic history of Yale. In the last inning the score stood three to two in favor of Harvard, when Yale came to the bat for the last time. Harvard had finished and with another whitewash for Yale, which seemed easy to add to the list so quickly obtained during the rapid moments of the past nine innings, the championship banner would grace fair Harvard's trophy room.

By a desperate effort Yale had gotten three men safely on bases, but at a cost of two men out. The excitement was intense. One more man out and the three men would be left on bases, with their side retired and the game closed in Harvard's favor. Eagerly every eye sought the score card to see what man was to step into place and snatch, perchance, victory from defeat by some splendid endeavor; and a groan of despair went up from the adherents of Yale as they saw that old Diggles was next at the bat. His name was called and he took his place amidst breathless silence, and as his big, strong physique showed to its full advantage as he stood there in the after-

noon sun many a mind had the same thought of little Guy Chalmers, who was scoring for Yale, when he audibly moaned, "If old Diggles only *could* hit it once." But that such hope was in vain was apparent to all not only by past record of failure on the part of poor Diggles, but by the fact that two strikes were already charged up to him before the crowd or he himself could realize it. The captain of the team had cautioned him as he stood there pale with excitement and the responsibility that rested upon him, with his honest face filled with a commingled look of yearning, determination, and despair, to "wait till you get 'em where you want 'em," and remembering, he stood there waiting until a strike was called on him by the umpire. Flustered by this he struck wildly at the next ball, which was far out of his reach. With one strike left to his credit and with hope all gone, the crowd saw a ball come true over the plate, and dumbfounded they saw the flash of old Diggles' bat as his powerful arms swung it in air in one last desperate effort, and they heard the crash of his bat as it struck the ball full and fair and sent it far out over the outfield into the long grass beyond.

Such a shout of joy never rose from that field before as the three men tore around the bases to the homeplate to make the score five runs in favor

of Yale, while old Diggles stood in amazement looking at the soaring ball, until called to his senses by the command of the captain of the team, when in obedience thereto he started for the base, and in his excitement carried his bat with him, and coming safely to the homeplate added another run to the score, while Yale cheered and laughed in its joy, and the crowd surging onto the diamond took old Diggles on its shoulders and the game ended then and there, though the cheering and shouting continued until it seemed that it would never cease. One of the first men to reach old Diggles and throw his arms about him was Packerton and as the crowd surged about them he whispered, "Forgive me, old man." "It's all right, Pack," Diggles replied. "It was my fault as much as yours."

As Jack was getting out of his ball clothes Arthur came in and calling to him said, "What a great game, Jack; let us end the year with this glorious victory. We will go in the morning if agreeable to you."

"I shall be ready, Arthur," Jack replied.

The next morning, after a night that gave them little sleep, they left for home. Just before the train drew out of the station Packerton came hastily along the platform and reaching up to Arthur said in low tones, "I wanted to tell you,

Pendleton, that I split even on my bet. I gave the Harvard man his money and kept my own one thousand. He wouldn't take it at first, but I told him the whole business about old Diggles and all. He said I was the whitest Yale man he'd ever met, but I told him no, it was Diggles."

The train started and with a quick clasp of the hand, Arthur and Jack left him, and as they sped on towards home they felt their hearts grow heavy at leaving old Yale, but they cheered their drooping spirits by recounting the stirring scenes of the glorious victory of the day before, and dwelt on the achievement of old Diggles who, literally by one stroke, had leaped into fame.

CHAPTER XII

RALPH'S SHIP COMES SAILING HOME.

As the train drew into the station at Porter's Falls, Jack saw standing on the platform a short, stout man with a round, mild face looking benignly out from under the broad brim of a drab, felt hat. As Arthur stepped from the train the man started with surprise, and a smile of genuine gladness came into his face as he hurriedly stepped forward on his stout, short legs, which evidently were much more at home on the box seat of the old yellow coach than bearing Silas Craig, for he it was, at such an unaccustomed gait. Arthur greeted him heartily, and after an earnest enquiry concerning those at home, he introduced Jack, whom Silas regarded with much respect and interest as he put his chubby hand into the firm one of the athlete.

"I've heerd Arthur tell 'bout ye often," said Silas. "I want to know if you're the same one as won the race with a broken seat as wouldn't slide?"

"Guess I am," laughed Jack with true Yankee vernacular. "I hope Arthur has not been telling much about me. I don't deserve it."

"Well, he's told me quite a bit 'bout you," Silas replied.

"Well I shall have to forgive him, for he has been good enough to tell me quite a bit about you also."

Silas chuckled as he heard these words.

"We should become acquainted without any difficulty," continued Jack.

"You'll get on famously, I know," interrupted Arthur. "You must keep the front seat for us, Silas. Let us help you with the baggage."

It took but a short time to get the trunks in place with such other luggage as Silas had for the trip, and to arrange to their satisfaction the inside seats for the other passengers; and mounting to the box seat, which barely held the three, notwithstanding its generous width, the coach started for Portsmouth.

Silas had watched the development of Arthur with considerable pride, and the early friendship between them had been maintained in spite of his absence. The first time Arthur had returned from college Silas was quite abashed at the sudden appearance of the tall, broad-shouldered young fellow wearing easily a distinctive air of importance, but the cheery salutation of his old favorite removed his embarrassment, and soon he saw that he was the same cordial friend as of old.

And thus their relations were renewed which had existed, as Silas fondly recollected, from the time that Arthur as a little, toddling fellow had sat upon the front seat of the coach with him, and whom he had held in place by his stout, oaken whipstock thrown across the lad's sturdy little chest, as the coach rocked and swayed at the breakers occurring occasionally in the road.

As they rolled along towards home they engaged in conversation in which Jack at times joined, but to which he more often became an interested listener. As they passed a wide, flat place through which the river flowed, which could be seen through the trees lining the bank of the declivity along which ran the road, Arthur remarked, "There's the old tree still standing, Silas, where we caught the beavers."

"It surely is," Silas replied with heartiness. "It's good for many a year yet. I keep an eye out for it most ev'ry time I come along. Here's where we hitched the hoss that mornin'," he said, indicating with a nod of his head an opening in a little grove through which they were passing.

"I remember it so well," said Arthur.

"And here's the path we tuk down to the marsh," said Silas, his face glowing at the recollection of the events of which they were speaking.

"And do you remember, Silas, how frightened you were when I called to you that I had caught a woodchuck, you fearing that I would be bitten, and how relieved you were when you saw it was a tiny chipmunk for I had gotten the names mixed in my excitement."

"'Course I do," laughed Silas. "And I remember how pleased Luthie was with the chipmunk, and was so tender hearted that she set it free."

"What did you do with the beavers?" asked Jack, who had been listening interestedly.

"Oh, we let them go. You see we didn't catch them; we only treed them," answered Arthur laughing.

"Treed them?" echoed Jack mystified.

"Silas will tell you about it," said Arthur merrily. "I was such a young lad I can't remember it as well as he. I have a general recollection of it all, and the good day we had."

"Let me hear about it, Mr. Craig," Jack requested. Glancing at his watch to note the passing time, Silas thought for a moment and then began in his slow, drawling manner.

"When Arthur was a little chap me and him used to have many a trip together. One day we druv out here and went to get some chestnuts down there on the flats. We hitched our hoss

where I showed you, and taking a big bag with us, we went down the path there, with Luthie's dog, which we'd brung with us, a nosin' along ahead. He was a fine big hound that the cap'n had fetched from England when he was a leetle puppy. The first thing we knowed he started a couple of beavers there outen the marsh, and though I yelled at him I couldn't get him back, and away they went like all get out. Me and Arthur followed arter 'em as fast as we cud, and finally we found the hound at the foot of that ole pine I showed ye, bayin' fur good, and the beavers up in the tree with their shiny eyes an' long black noses, hangin' down from the crotch of the first limb—"

"Up in the tree?" interrupted Jack. "Why beavers can't climb trees!" he exclaimed.

"These beavers did," asserted Silas firmly. "They *had* to climb the tree,—the dog was crowdin' 'em so."

Arthur laughed in unrestrained merriment, in which Jack after an instant joined, which act drove entirely from his face the puzzled look of a moment before. Silas retained his usual gravity, though he smiled slightly at the evident enjoyment and good spirits of the collegians. And so with many an exchange of enquiry or relation of anecdote and reminiscence, the stage drew into

the village and reached the bridge as the bell in the church steeple sounded five strokes of the hour.

The week allotted to his stay passed all too quickly, and Jack found himself enjoying every moment of it. The warmth of his welcome by Captain and Mrs. Pendleton, both of whom he had frequently met at Yale, had been anticipated, and he found the plans for his entertainment crowding his confined limits of a week to the full. Boating and riding, with long drives for the enjoyment of vistas of unusual charm, with social entertainment at the Pendleton home and elsewhere, engaged the attention of the young men who gave themselves up to the keen enjoyment of the hour. The presence of Luthie and Vivian, whom he had known so well from earliest childhood, seemed to Arthur a happy circumstance, as it afforded an opportunity for friends dear to him to be known to each other. Vivian had been spending some time with Mrs. Pendleton, and Luthie was rarely away from home except upon her occasional visits to Boston made in the course of musical studies.

Their young womanhood revealed the promised differences of early childhood, both as to their physical and mental natures. Luthie was fair, with a sweet face of prenatal graveness upon

which a smile of merriment rarely came, and then but for a moment, to light her face with beauty as she smiled. She was slightly unhappy in her disposition, but her temperament was serene and calm and her spirit kind and gentle. She had a tender heart, and a mind that inclined her to books and study, which had been the enjoyment of her young life. She was affectionately attached to Captain and Mrs. Pendleton and in fact to the latter had given her strong devotion. Vivian was strikingly opposite to her companion in all her characteristics. She was dark, with black hair, and features of symmetrical proportion with soft olive tint that spake of Southern skies. Her eyes, black as night, gleamed with merriment or melted with pathos, according to her mood. Her disposition was not so composed as Luthie's, but ranged in its vagaries a wide scale of feeling; and she at times was so much subject to the domination of her moods that she yielded to a degree of passion impossible to conceive, or a gentleness of remorse equally strange. She was vivacious and merry ordinarily, and had brilliant parts of mind which, with her beauty, made her a most interesting companion.

Jack had met both the young women at the Pendleton home on the evening of his arrival and

had acknowledged their cordial greetings with the simplicity of his nature. He had been denied much social enjoyment, and the companionship of young women was quite unknown to him. Their acquaintance opened to him a new world, and Vivian's interest in college affairs, and Luthie's inquiries along the lines of his studies commenced his relations with them in the most pleasing manner. Notwithstanding the brilliancy of Vivian, he felt himself strongly attracted to the gentler spirited girl whose face and manner awoke in him the strangest recollections of a vague and tender kind. He looked into her blue eyes with an intensity that made him wonder why he did so, and he felt that she regarded him with a shy amazement, mingled with the courteous air of friendly regard she showed him as Arthur's friend.

Coming from the beach one afternoon, Arthur proposed they climb the circling iron stairway to the top of the lighthouse so that Jack might be afforded a more extended view of the sea. As they stood on the iron balcony overlooking the water Arthur handed Luthie the marine glass he had taken from the wall, and remarked mischievously, "Look for the *Albatross*, Luthie."

Luthie smiled as she took the glass, and looking over the water she gazed intently without speaking.

The moments passed, and apparently unconscious of their flight, Luthie still held the glass upon a distant sail.

"What do you see, Luthie?" Arthur inquired.

"A ship," she answered slowly.

"Can you make her out?" asked Arthur.

"Yes," replied Luthie, hesitatingly, "it is the *Lady Luthie*," and a light flush mounted to the girl's fair cheek as she handed Arthur the glass.

"The *Lady Luthie*!" the latter repeated in astonishment. "What ship is that?"

"It's Ralph's," she replied simply. "It's father's old ship, the *Undine*. You know Ralph commands her now."

"Yes," said Arthur quietly.

"Ralph didn't care for the old name," she continued. "I liked it so dearly. I loved poor *Undine* so much that I used to like the old ship to keep her memory. I think Ralph was quite unwise to change the name. The sailors all say, too, that it brings bad luck," she added with a faint smile.

"And so he named the ship the *Lady Luthie*?" asked Arthur intently.

"Yes," she replied, and added hastily, "after the old ship."

"Or after the young maiden," interrupted Vivian roguishly. Luthie blushed deeply, and

Jack, seeing her distress, came to her rescue, and asked, "What was the name of the old ship?"

"It was the *Lady Luthie*," the girl replied; "she foundered at sea."

"And what is the relation between you and the *Lady Luthie*?" he asked in some wonder.

"I was named after her," she replied slowly.

And as Jack saw her sweet face swept with a shade of sadness as she spoke, again he felt the strange emotion which brought recollections of a past in which he felt he had seen her before. And as he looked at her, brooding on the matter, there came to him the sweet, patient face of his mother, and he seemed to hear her gentle accents, and his eyes grew moist at the thought, which Luthie seeing, dropped her own as she felt the tears come and a strange pain steal into her heart.

Vivian's gay mood had changed to one of quiet pensiveness, and Arthur was unusually grave. And thus they all stood there in silence, watching the sea, as Ralph's ship came sailing home.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MILL.

Captain Pendleton's new mill had proven of great value to the village and it was easily the leading industrial institution of all that section of New England, as well as the village itself. It was a large structure, four stories high, and its erection and equipment had cost Captain Pendleton a large sum of money. Unfortunately it had not proven a financial success, though the conditions were slightly improving, and it appeared probable that in time the disadvantages usual to a new undertaking of the kind would be overcome, which was now causing Captain Pendleton a monthly loss, which he began to realize he could ill afford. The mill was ready for operation the fall of the year that Arthur left home for his senior year at Yale. Captain Pendleton had been unable to secure any insurance upon the property, except an insignificant amount as compared with its value. The entire absence of all protection from fire in the village had made the hazard so great that the captain had not been able to make satisfactory arrangements with the com-

panies, and the property was practically unprotected. A system of protection was under construction, and necessitated frequent conferences with the companies at Boston, and upon the completion of which, it was thought, the matter of insurance would be arranged to afford ample security to the enterprise. A few days after Arthur left for college Captain Pendleton departed for Boston for a final conference with the insurance companies, and was much gratified to have their approval and an assurance that upon the final completion of the system of protection, which would occur in about a week's time, that he would receive a considerable, if not wholly adequate, amount of insurance. He took the train for home, much relieved at the situation. That afternoon the mill burned to the ground.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when the dread cry of fire sounded through the building, and the flames had made considerable headway before they were discovered. Commencing upon the second floor of the mill, the fire spread with astounding rapidity, and the first few frightened villagers that reached the scene were terror stricken at the volumes of smoke beginning to pour forth from every window and the red flames bursting from those of the lower floors. The news spread quickly through the village and

ready hands were there in numbers to render much needed assistance to those within the building who, terror stricken, were gathered at the upper windows watching with heart-breaking anxiety the preparations for their rescue, which many besought in imploring tones. Spurred to desperate efforts by the dangers, the villagers with long ropes and ladders worked valiantly at the work of rescue, while the flames roared with increased headway and the black smoke began to mount in heavy volumes to the sky.

Among the first at the work of rescue, and who with the strength of a demon rushed up the ladders and again and again brought in his strong arms some helpless one to the ground in safety, was a man who by his daring and energy was tacitly accorded the leadership in the work of rescue which he directed. Many of the helpers fainted from their efforts, or exhausted, lay panting upon the ground, but he worked on with the courage of a god. At last every person at the windows had been removed to a place of safety, and a prolonged shout of thankfulness and muttered exclamations of prayer rose from both rescuers and rescued. The leader had just reached the ground in safety by means of a long rope with which a moment before he had lowered on the windward side of the wall a girl who had

fainted, to willing hands below who bore her away to a cool spot upon the grass. He had feared to descend with her by the ladders, as the flames were coming from the windows below in such volume that he considered the attempt too hazardous. Using the rope, he had also gotten to the ground in safety, and as he ran from the roaring building he heard the hoarse shout of warning mingled with the rumble and crash of the falling wall, which struck him down.

They laid his mangled form upon the grass, with the red stains mixing with the soot of his blackened face, while the village doctor applied restoratives to him, and sympathetic hands lent willing assistance. The clock had not struck the hour of five when the swift rumble of wheels and the rapid pounding of galloping hoofs sounded down the road, and there suddenly appeared the swaying coach of Silas Craig with his horses wet with foam. He pulled the maddened animals to their haunches as Captain Pendleton leaped from the coach and with pale face cried out, "My God, how awful! Is anybody hurt? Tell me! Are you dumb? For God's sake speak!"

The group was silent and Silas, as he listened for reply and heard none, called out, too, "For God's sake speak!"

The dying man heard his voice and his eyes

slowly opened. Then Silas saw him and ran towards him, and as he knelt and raised his head into his lap, he cried hoarsely, "My God, it's Jim." Awe-stricken as they stood there they heard him cry in a voice that stirred his listeners with the depth of its sorrow, "Jim, look! It's Silas. Don't you hear me, Jim? Don't give up. It's hard going now, but you'll be all right soon. It's uphill now, but you'll soon be on the level. Take it easy, Jim. Don't hold too tight a rein. Take it easy, Jim. It's uphill now. You'll soon be on the level."

The dying man opened his eyes where the glow of affection that the voice had summoned slowly waned with his fast ebbing strength, and with an effort his lips moved and he feebly gasped, "No, Sile; I'm—on—the down grade: and—I can't reach—the—brake." He did not speak again. With cool water they bathed his face and removed the stains from his brow, "white as a woman's." The evening twilight began to creep into the sky as he died. He lay there upon the sloping hillside with his head in Silas' lap, and as the last rays of the setting sun glimmered for an instant on the point of the tall marble shaft in the graveyard his eyes opened and as it lingered there a moment he saw it, and knew it hovered over Lucy's grave. His lips moved in a vain attempt

to speak, as Silas bent over him, who, understanding, with choking voice whispered, "You shall sleep, dear Jim, along side o' Lucy."

And Silas saw his form grow strangely still, while a smile of joy and peace came into his face; and looking up at those gathered there, in broken accents Silas murmured, "He's dead. Poor Jim. Me and him was schoolboys together." And as he spoke he felt the old boyish pride at his friend's talents and achievement mingling, as it always had, with his tenderness; and as he bent over his silent form he whispered the words which were borne faintly to the ears of his listeners, "He was onct Lootenant-Guvnor of Wyomin'."

CHAPTER XIV.

SILAS GOES A COURTIN'.

Silas had ridden over from the Falls in a contemplative mood, engaged in a brown study. The squirrel at the roadside and the old pine tree in the flats failed to attract his attention, and it was evident that Silas had something on his mind of unusual importance. Interrupting his reverie by a pleasing thought which brought a smile to his gentle face, he slowly drew from his pocket a small package, and holding the reins between his knees, his chubby fingers awkwardly unfastened the fine pink cord and removed the soft white paper which enclosed a small pasteboard box, from which he drew the cover and revealed a shining ring resting on its velvet bed, at which he looked with timid pride. Then drawing the ring from the box he slipped it over the end of one of his fingers, and turned it at various angles to catch the light reflected from its solitary stone. Suddenly it slipped from his finger and striking, with its circling band, the edge of the broad, bellying dashboard that held itself up in the air in front of him, it bounded into the air and dis-

appeared before his astonished gaze. Silas uttered a little cry of dismay at the mishap and, halting his horses, he got down from the coach and searched anxiously in the roadway, and peered carefully among the grasses and bushes on either side in a vain attempt to recover the ring. Failing in his search, he remounted to his seat, and putting the empty box back in his pocket in disappointment, he gathered up his reins, and with a last searching look about him drove on.

“Well, I swan,” he said ruefully. “To think I’d be fool enuff to lose that air ring. I’ve been figerin’ on gettin’ it all this time an’ then to lose it arter I’ve had it scursely an hour. It makes me feel like a fool, I swan if it don’t. I hadn’t ought to teched it,” he continued. “If I hadn’t went an’ took it outen the box I’d a ben all rite. Gol darn it all,” he exclaimed in vexation, “it’s such a disapp’intment—cost me forty dollars, too.”

He drove on in gloomy silence, deep in reflection, still pondering over the loss of the ring.

“P’raps she won’t have me arter all, an’ then I won’t need the ring,” he considered, and cheered by this consoling philosophy, he visibly brightened until he suddenly perceived the weakness of it in that it involved the loss of the object of his affections, and he lapsed once more into a

despondent mood which he gradually overcame as his mind dwelt upon the subject which had so thoroughly possessed it, when rudely disturbed by the unexpected incident.

After his arrival home Silas ate his supper in silence, and refrained from the usual cheery conversation with his mother which generally was the anticipated event of the day.

Finally his mother addressing him said, "I seen Patience over to the postoffice today, and she looked real pert in her alapacky all fixed over. She sed you got her a new breadth over to the Falls, an' she did say as how you were jus' the best hand she ever see for gettin' things jus' right."

"What else did she say?" asked Silas, yielding to the influence of the praise of his good offices.

"I was dre'dful sorry to hear her tell that the cap'n was real sick. Luthie has ben over there helpin' take care on him ever sence the mill burned. They do say as how the cap'n hain't got a dollar left, with the old home an' The Place mor'gaged and all."

"You don't say?" interjected Silas.

"Patience has heered it down to the tavern," she continued.

"The cap'n's luck has ben agin him ever sence the *Albatross* dragged her anchor and broke up

on the beach in the big storm come three years now in December," said Silas.

"He's too generous, that's the matter," his mother replied. "You mite say he's give away all he had."

"Yes, you mite," said Silas as he rose from the table, and going to the side porch he smoked in silence, while the house cat in vain tried to attract his attention as she purred about his chair and rubbed her head against his legs, going occasionally to the open kitchen door, where behind the stove and snugly sleeping in a basket of soft cotton, reposed her new family of kittens which she endeavored with pride to have Silas observe. He smoked on in silence, after giving a moment to the inspection of the little brood to the apparent delight of pussy, while his mother, a sprightly old lady who bore her seventy years with grace, cleared the table of the evening meal.

After a time Silas arose and announcing to his mother that he was going to the village, went to his room, from which about an hour later he emerged and, kissing his mother as he passed from the house, he went out the side door, down the path to the gate, out onto the road, and in a contemplative and abstracted manner wended his way to the village tavern. Silas was dressed in his best attire; his coat was of black broadcloth,

cut by the village tailor a number of years ago, but still what might be called as good as new. Its condition fully warranted, apparently, the praise the tailor had bestowed on it as being the best piece of goods in his shop; and the fact that both the minister and Squire Meecham had clothed their dignified forms in garments cut from the selfsame piece some years before, was ample testimony to Silas' mind of its excellent worth. His waistcoat was also of black and made of embroidered satin, cut low and revealing his white plaited shirt bosom of ample proportions where reposed the lavender neckcloth of silk, tied by Silas' own hand in a bow-knot of rather generous dimensions. His trousers fitted his fat legs snugly and were of a grayish-blue color, and were a trifle too snug and a trifle too short to fall fully over his well-blackened shoes. His broad-brimmed hat, which was worn on all occasions, completed his attire.

Patience Cheevers greeted him with the same cordial simplicity that she had shown him on many similar occasions. Silas had been keeping company, as the village folks said, with the young woman for a considerable number of years. He had looked forward to the time when he should have a wife, and children, perhaps, to greet him as he came to the evening's respite from the work

of the day. Many and many a time when with Patience, had the words that he thought to speak trembled on his lips, but up to now had remained unspoken. He had determined to put off the matter no longer, and with his courage screwed to the sticking point he now found himself in Patience's little parlor at the tavern, where Patience had been housekeeper for years, and in fact ever since the death of her mother, when her father had placed such responsibility upon her capable shoulders.

"My mother says she seen you today, Patience," said Silas, opening the conversation.

"Yes, I seen her at the postoffice. Did she tell you about Captain Pendleton?"

"Yes. I wonder if Arthur has been told about his father?"

"Luthie has written about his sickness but she hasn't told about the other. It wouldn't do any good to worry him about it," Patience remarked. "Luthie is in such trouble over the captain's sickness and his misfortunes. Mrs. Pendleton is about prostrated, although she has got good courage, too. Luthie said to me today that she wished she was rich so she could help the captain. But I told her it would do no good, for neither Captain or Mrs. Pendleton would take any help from anybody unless it were their own son."

"What about their son's wife?" enquired Silas.

"I don't know," answered Patience. "I told Luthie that when she and Arthur were married it would be time enough to think of helping. But poor child, what can she do? She hasn't anything."

"What did she say?" asked Silas.

"She didn't answer, but grew quite pale. I am sure that she and Arthur love each other, and I know that it is the dearest wish of Captain and Mrs. Pendleton to see Luthie Arthur's wife. They have always cherished her as a daughter, and I told Luthie today that I hoped she and Arthur would be married soon after he gets home from college. I don't believe in long courtships, Silas, do you?" she asked, dropping her eyes to her lap.

"No, of course I don't," stammered Silas, moving uneasily. "The fact is,—that is, I mean,—Oh, I say, Patience,—" stopping confusedly.

"Yes," said Patience gently.

Silas still kept silent, and Patience again spoke. "What were you going to say, Silas?"

"Oh, I mos' forgot, but now I think on it I'd like to tell 'bout Jim," Silas replied. "You see he left a will, an' he made me egzecutor. Here it is." As he spoke he drew from his pocket a long manilla envelope and took a folded paper

from it which he opened and read to Patience, who sat with her hands folded, listening.

“IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN, I, James Towles, of the village of Portsmouth, and the State of Maine,—’

Here Silas interrupted himself, and looking up at Patience said, “He ought to have sed ’onct Lootenent-Guvnor of Wyomin’.” Patience nodded assent, and Silas resumed, “being of sound mind and disposing memory do make, publish, and declare this, my last Will and Testament as follows, that is to say:—

“First. I hereby direct that my executor hereinafter named shall pay all my just debts and funeral expenses as soon after my decease as practicable.

“Second. After the payment of my debts and funeral expenses as aforesaid, and the payment to my executor of the sum of money hereinafter mentioned, I hereby give, devise and bequeath all the rest, remainder and residue of my estate of every name and nature and wheresoever situate, unto my friend, Arthur Reide Pendleton, of the said village of Portsmouth, and State of Maine.

“Third. I hereby nominate and appoint my friend, Silas Craig, of the said village of Ports-

mouth, executor of this my last Will and Testament, and direct that he shall receive from my estate, and I hereby give and bequeath unto him, in addition to executor's fees, the full sum of five thousand dollars.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal at the village of Portsmouth, in the State of Maine, on this 14th day of December, 1872."

"The only property Jim left," said Silas, "was the 'Statoots of Wyomin' which I have kept for Arthur, except this letter." As he spoke he drew from the manilla envelope a letter, which, unfolding, he read as follows:

MONTREAL, April 6th, 1856.

MY DEAR JIM:—

I am about to leave for England for a short time, and I thought I would let you have a word from me before my departure. I have not heard from you but once since you wrote me after you left California to go to Wyoming to practice law, and I shall address you there and hope that this letter may reach you safely. Jim, old chum, I've struck it rich. Yes, after all my hard work and disappointment and years of waiting, I am wealthy beyond my fondest hopes. After you left me I

went into Washington Territory and found a deposit of a metal that turned out to be molybdenum. I had heard of its use and value when in England, but before I could get the land it was taken by a couple of countrymen of mine who knew its value. I then went into the British northwest and starved and froze until finally I struck an Indian who put me on to the rich find of molybdenum I made in Eastern Canada.

"I came up here to Montreal and secured the mineral rights to the lands and was taken very sick and almost died. After my recovery I married the woman who saved my life, and have remained here in Montreal for the last two years. About a year ago there came to us the dearest little baby girl you ever saw. She can call my name and is just beginning to toddle on her little feet. I wish you could see her, Jim. My dear wife died two months ago, and I have decided to take my little daughter to England and place her in my sister's care until she is some older, and I can make a home for her. I shall come back at once and take up the matter of disposing of my molybdenum mine.

"Now, Jim, there is one thing I want to speak to you about and it is this; when you cared for me when I was so sick, when you and I worked together the Last Chance mine out there in Cali-

fornia, and you nursed me night and day and spent your last cent to buy me food and medicine, I swore if I ever made a find you should have half of it. I have struck it rich now, Jim; my molybdenum mine is worth a fortune, and half of it is yours. I sail with my little girl today and I am writing you this hasty line before going on board. I will write you upon my return, and until then, old chum, goodbye.

Faithfully yours,

"JOHN LAKELEY."

"What are you going to do with the letter, Silas?" asked Patience when he had finished.

"I shall send it to Arthur," Silas replied.

"Poor Jim," said Patience; "he never got the fortune his friend expected to give him. Did you ever hear Jim speak of him?" she asked.

"No, I never did," replied Silas. "It's likely he never heered from this friend any more or else he'd probably spoke about it."

"I always felt sorry for Jim, living all alone so," said Patience.

"'Twant no way for him to do," said Silas, "but he was dredful sot in his ways and there warn't no changing him."

"It ain't no way for any man to live," asserted Patience firmly.

A silence followed and was broken by Patience asking, "How does your mother get on these days, Silas? She ain't so young a woman as she used to be. She ought to have some help, Silas; she really ought, an old lady like her, even if she is real smart."

Silas answered, "Yes, I know she ought. I've ben kinder figgerin' on her havin' some one long ago."

"It seems to me, Silas, you do an awful sight of figgerin'. More doing and less figgerin' wouldn't be amiss Silas, in lots of us."

"I guess you're right," said Silas meekly wondering what to say and how to say it.

Finally he remarked, "Say, Patience, I've ben kinder figgerin'—no, I mean I ain't ben figgerin'; well, I swan—excuse me I didn't mean to swear, Patience—what I wuz goin' to say wuz that I've got somethin' awful, that is, somethin' important I want to tell you; I wanted to say, Patience, an' I hope you'll furgive me for sayin' on it, for I've thought of it so much, an' I've wondered if you knew, Patience,—I wanted to say, if you please, Patience, that is, I—" Silas came to a stop and glancing shyly at Patience who was looking gently at him with a rosy flush warming her cheek, he said again, "I wanted to tell ye—" Again he stopped and stammered in

an effort to speak further, but he seemed to have lost his power of thought as well as speech. His mind seemed suddenly to have become vacant. He racked his brain for some of the words that had seemed to come to his lips so easily as he had thought of her during the day. But in vain; no thought shaped itself in his mind, except he suddenly recalled the side porch where he had smoked his evening pipe and the cat purred around his chair. He tried to dismiss the scene from his mind as in his embarrassment he struggled to speak. But persistently that purring cat rubbed her head against his ankles, and before he knew it, he blurted out desperately, "Our cat's got kittens."

"Indeed," replied Patience coldly.

Frightened at his remark and her frigid manner, he arose in embarrassment and said, "I mus' be goin'," and reaching for his hat he excitedly raised it to his head when suddenly there flashed a bright object from its curled brim and fell in Patience's lap, who gave a startled scream as she saw a diamond ring gleaming in her very hand.

"Oh, Silas," she exclaimed impetuously, a deep blush mounting to her forehead.

"It's yourn, Patience; it's yourn," replied Silas quickly, as he grasped her hands in both his

own, and they held the ring between them. Overcome, poor Patience was seized with a fit of weeping much to the consternation of Silas, who although he knew a great deal about horses knew very little about women or the philosophy of women's tears. He drew her to him and soothed and calmed her, and as she raised her face, all tear-stained and shining with its gladness, to his own, he felt at peace with all the world, though he dimly realized that Patience had forever ruined his beautiful lavender tie with her tears.

And later as Silas left her he remarked, "Patience, did you notice a strange thing about that letter?"

"What do you mean, Silas?" she replied.

"Why, the letter is dated April 6th, 1856."

"That's the date the man sailed from Montreal, Silas," she answered.

"Yes, so 'tis," he assented. "But there's something else happened on that day, too."

And he said softly, "Poor Jim; that's the day they 'lected him Lootenant Guvnor of Wyomin'."

CHAPTER XV.

THE BOAT RACE.

At the beginning of the senior year Arthur had joined the candidates for the university boat in the annual spring race with Harvard. He went into training with a determination to win a seat in the shell and felt encouraged to believe that he would be successful. Although never in a Varsity race, yet he had gotten more than the usual experience on the water, and his physical training had been in many respects superior to his fellows. The fact also that he had practically completed the studies required for his degree, and the work of his senior year remaining to be performed was largely elective, gave him an advantage in the matter of time for hard and systematic work at the oars and otherwise that was of incalculable value.

It was a foregone conclusion that his chum Jack would not only have a seat in the boat but also stroke the crew. He had come into prominence as stroke of his class crew in his freshman year and had rowed an oar each year since in the university shell. His strength, grit, skill, and

experience made him practically certain of the place that popular favor had chosen for him.

Arthur worked like a Trojan during the winter, and before he had been long on the water in the spring he felt certain of a seat in the boat. He had confidence in his own strength and abilities, and he made tests at the oars that stimulated his own confidence, and proved of practical benefit. Towards the close of the winter he would row the course on the machines in the gymnasium, according to approved custom, saving his reserve strength for the spurt at the close of the race, and rowing at his full power, would find at the finish he could still row another half-mile without exhaustion. Then again, he would pull a stroke to which he would give his full strength long before the home stretch was reached, without thought of reserving himself for the spurt, and he would find himself ready to row the quickened stroke of the spurt of the last half-mile without diminution of power. These and other forms of experiment and drill were the results of his own ideas which he carried into practice in addition to the regular course of daily training prescribed by the coach and physical director. His interest in the matter grew, and he spent more time and gave more work to his training than any other candidate. His flesh was firm

and hard; his lungs strong and perfect; his muscles like steel; and he would feel as he dropped his oar after a long pull the exhilaration and savage thrill of a gladiator just ready for the combat. At last the day came when he heard with satisfaction his own name among the successful ones who were to compose the crew of the university boat. He now had a place at the training table, and the coming race was the chief topic of interest. A letter from Luthie told him of the illness of his father, but its tone gave him no cause for alarm, but notwithstanding, he begged permission for a hurried visit to him and finding him apparently improving and much stronger, he returned free from anxiety concerning him.

A few weeks before the departure of the crew for New London, Arthur received a communication from Silas enclosing a letter of his friend, Lieutenant-Governor Towles, received from John Lakeley, and also the former's will, which letter, as may well be imagined, was a matter of absorbing interest. Both of the boys were astounded and Jack much touched to learn that the miner and Jim's friend was his mother's brother; and the anxiety of them both to trace the whereabouts of John Lakeley and his little daughter became a project at once of serious

determination. Jack corresponded with his mother, and she in turn wrote to old friends at home in England, but nothing was revealed as to the missing ones. In fact she learned that her brother had not been seen in England since he had left some time before her own departure for America. It was the night before they left college for New London when such news was received by Jack in a letter from his mother that came by the evening post. They sat in silence after Jack had read the letter aloud, and finally he said, "It's strange he didn't give the name of the ship upon which he sailed."

"Hardly," replied Arthur. "The letter was written in haste and just before he sailed. Does he state the time of the departure of the vessel?"

"Yes," Jack replied. "He writes, 'I sail today,' and the letter is dated April 6th, 1856."

"I think the next step is to write to Montreal and learn what vessels left there on that date. We may be able to find upon which of the vessels he sailed, and thus trace him and his child."

"That is an excellent idea," exclaimed Jack enthusiastically. "I will write immediately;" and leaving Arthur to the work of packing their effects for the impending trip, Jack wrote to the registration of vessels office at Montreal and requested information giving the names of all the

vessels that sailed from that place on the date in question. The next day Jack and Arthur with the other members of the crew, together with substitutes and trainer and coach and many students, left for New London.

The long looked for day of the race had arrived. As Arthur sat in the boat with oar poised, the second seat behind old Jack, who was to pull the stroke oar, he thought his heart would burst with its beating. He had sat as in a daze and mechanically rowed to the starting point from the Yale quarters and he felt his blood thrill at the tumultuous cries of Yale that their appearance excited as they leisurely, but with splendid form and clean-cut sweeping stroke, rowed to their place, while the air was full of flags of loyal blue. Again his pulse was stirred at the shout of Harvard as her crew pulled from their quarters and crimson flags made the air blood-red—and he realized the hour of the contest was on.

He sat in the boat at the starting point as in a dream. He could hardly realize that the long anticipated moment had at last arrived, and that he was a participant in the stirring scene. Faintly there came to his ears the shouts of Yale, the shouts of Harvard, and then there rose and floated out over the water the beautiful air of the old Yale song he had heard so often beneath the

elms on the campus. He felt a heavy weight on his breast, and his breath came in suffocating gasps.

Still as in a dream he heard the words, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" and they seemed to come faintly from afar; they seemed to be the echo of words, not those spoken with human tongue; he heard the voice of the coxswain and he saw old Jack's broad back bend forward and his powerful oar swing backward and hang over the water in a grip that sent the cords rising on his sinewy forearm, as he held it there without the slightest quiver. Mechanically Arthur's oar followed and an instant only it hung there, for as the pistol cracked it dropped into the water simultaneously with old Jack's, and under the powerful impetus of the eight blades that moved as if by one mechanism the boat leaped forward like a thing of life, while the wild yell of Yale striking Arthur's ear told him they had caught the water first, and had the lead in the race. His eyes were fastened on old Jack's back, which rose and fell with the precision of clockwork, as he set the old Yale stroke made famous by well-earned victories of the years before.

The race was not half finished when he saw the Harvard boat slowly creep upon them. Inch by inch the sharp nose of the crimson shell gained

on them and a wild impulse to quicken the pace thrilled him; but old Jack still held to the steady even stroke that up to this time had kept the boat in her position. Suddenly Arthur heard a startled cry of dismay from the forward part of the boat and heard the sharp question of the coxswain, "What's the matter, No. 4?"

"My oar-lock's broken," he muttered savagely. "It's not clean gone, but I can't pull my stroke or I would pull it away," he explained.

"How much will it stand?" asked the coxswain, hurriedly.

"About half a stroke," said No. 4, who was pulling his oar with care, and lessened energy by one-half its usual power, with his eyes fixed intently on the weakened oarlock.

"Keep your form and trim the boat," commanded the coxswain. "Pull every ounce the oarlock will stand, but don't pull it out or we lose the race. Use your best judgment now, and everybody keep cool and obey orders."

Arthur could hear the wild shouts of Rah! Rah! Rah! Harvard! Harvard! as the Cambridge boat shoved her nose ahead of the Yale bow. The Yale boat was sagging badly under the loss of No. 4's weakened oar. Arthur had heard the colloquy in the boat with intense anxiety, and he eagerly exclaimed, "I will pull No. 4's oar,"

thus breaking a rigid rule which imposed upon those in the boat, unless spoken to by the captain, perfect silence. "Pull your own oar, Pendleton," the coxswain commanded. Arthur was an unknown quantity and he did not propose to take any chances with inexperienced enthusiasm. "Every man pull his own oar," he added. Slowly he mentally canvassed every man in the boat. He knew, he felt, each one's calibre. He knew to an ounce, he thought, what each man could do. He knew that there was no man in the boat that could be relied upon to more than finish the race with possibly two exceptions, and these were Jack and Arthur. He knew more of Jack's skill and endurance than he did of Arthur's. In experience, he knew that Arthur was a novice and Jack a veteran. On Jack's coolness and judgment he knew he could rely; of Arthur's he could give no proper estimate. So he said, "Jack, can you pull half of No. 4's oar, and set the stroke beside?"

Jack nodded an affirmative without speaking. "Do it then," the coxswain commanded firmly. "Draw on your reserve, but you must still stroke the spurt to the full limit." Jack nodded understandingly, and they rowed on in silence.

The boat now did better, for the effect of Jack's oar was apparent. Anxiously the coxswain

watched the result. The crimson shell had gotten a good lead. The Harvard cheer was incessant now and the Yale crowd was silent, save an occasional encouraging cry. Jack now quickened the stroke and the long powerful blades followed in unison. No. 4 still pulled his oar with care, and with but half its usual power. The oarlock still held, though it strained ominously at times. Harvard increased her stroke, and the two boats swept on.

Arthur sat with his eyes glued on Jack's broad back and he could see the flash of the powerful oar as he worked in silence pulling his own oar and half of No. 4's. Arthur began to notice Jack's heavy breathing, which at times came to his ear in a groan. He knew full well the dogged courage that pulled the oar, but he felt that they were rowing against fate. But as he watched him he remembered how in the cane rush of the freshman year old Jack was the only man left on the cane when finally it was dragged across their line victorious, and how he clung to it with a death-like grip with face as white as death itself as the upper classmen pulled the crowd away, and how they tried to get the cane away from those vice-like fingers, and how finally they had to leave it there as they worked upon him to bring him back to life again. And as he thought of that a great

hope came surging into his heart that old Jack would after all row them to victory, and he felt comforted and calm. He was breathing easily now, and the heavy breathing of Jack struck his ear painfully.

Suddenly he saw the coxswain bend forward and with his hand dash the water in Jack's face. Then Arthur knew the race was lost, and a feeling of desperation seized him. He was breathing the rushing air freely and he felt the unspent strength of a giant in his being as his blood thrilled and tugged in its ambition to hurl itself in a wild, fierce endeavor to wrest victory from defeat. In his excitement he spoke before he knew it. "Billy, you can go to the devil. I will row No. 4's oar. Take it easy, Jack," he commanded, "until you get your wind. Where's the Harvard shell?" he demanded, not daring to turn his head for a sight of her.

"She's got clear water between us. Yes, she's two good lengths ahead," the coxswain answered, tacitly turning over the command of the boat to Arthur.

Jack did as he was bidden. He rowed the stroke, but dipped his oar lightly. Arthur was rowing a clean, powerful oar of tremendous force.

"Where are we?" he again asked.

"Past the two-mile flag."

A wild cheer rose from Harvard as the coxswain answered. Her shell had entered the last two-mile stretch of the course, and her crew, spurting, had drawn away from the Yale boat and perceptibly increased her lead. They rowed on in silence, keeping a clean-cut stroke and perfect form, determined to go to the finish though beaten. The Harvard lead increased an account of Jack's resting oar. Arthur watched him closely. He saw him slowly getting his wind and his regular form again. Another stretch of the course swept by.

"Now, Jack," said Arthur shortly.

The stroke quickened and the shell flew through the water. Arthur had been using the full strength of his powerful physique, backed by his fine courage, for some distance now, and easily carried the balance of No. 4's weakened oar. He alone of them all did not give up. He could see, since he had taken command, the valued effect of his oar upon the increased speed of the boat. He could now hear the Yale cheer as the boat shot forward under the impetus of the quickened stroke, and it made his heart tingle. He knew the race depended upon him now, and that thought inspired him. He could hear the Yale cheer plainly, and it told him they were gaining. The race swept on!

"Where are we?" he exclaimed suddenly.

"At the mile flag," the coxswain answered in despair.

"Faster, Jack! Faster!" cried Arthur.

He saw Jack's swift-moving oar flash still swifter in response to his command. Swifter, swifter, swifter, it rose and fell till the boat fairly lifted from the water. On, on they swept!

"Half-mile flag," cried the coxswain, a wild hope in his voice.

"Spurt, Jack! Spurt!" cried Arthur desperately.

Old Jack bravely put the stroke to the limit. The boat was flying—the wind rushed by them like a hurricane. The labored breathing came from the crew in great sobs.

Now Arthur heard the incessant cries of "Yale! Yale! Yale!" and he knew they were nearing the line, and that there was hope left, and that they were crowding Harvard for the place at the finish. The cries moved his heart to desperation. He buried his blade as though he would pull the boat alone as he wielded the flashing oar with the strength of a giant.

Suddenly he again saw the coxswain bend forward and dash the water in Jack's face. It made Arthur furious, and the strength of his great soul concentrated and hardened into one supreme

grim, unyielding determination to wrest victory from defeat, at the cost, if need be, of his life. He rowed his oar a demon, a fury, a madman. His face was white and ghastly and his lips oozed blood, from his clenched teeth. His eyes flashed from his wild, drawn features like coals of fire. Every heart-throb was the pain of a dagger-thrust in his breast. He sobbed in his anguish. His vision blurred. He realized there was a terrible shouting and roaring, mingled and confused, sounding in his ears. He knew what it meant. He knew it was the hoarse, frantic cries of the thousands of Harvard and Yale adherents as the two boats now fought for the finish. It told him plainly that they had covered the gap of clear water between their shell and the Harvard boat; that the Yale bow had lapped onto the Harvard shell, and slowly—slowly—had crept alongside of her, until now the Yale boat was neck and neck with Harvard;—that there was not a hair's breadth between them. He knew, too, that they were close to the line;—he knew the supreme moment had come;—he felt the clutch of death at his throat as he choked and gasped in his agony;—he fought him off desperately, with demoniac rage,—and throwing his bursting heart into the balance, he pulled a stroke that bent the stout ashen blade like a reed;—then another;—

then another;—and then—the blood rushed to his lips and in a daze he saw the crimson stain on his oar handle, and felt the warm blood on his hands, —and then he suddenly heard the sound change.

It was no longer discordant, but rose in one clear, piercing strain. It seemed familiar to him. He tried to think where he had heard it before. Then he knew it was the shout of victory. He could determine that even as he felt himself falling and sinking, and the noise growing fainter and fainter, and he felt a great pain and weakness, and he made one brave effort to recognize the sound; and as he struggled, and the light grew dim, he recognized it as the wild, exultant cry of old Yale, such as he had often heard when her sons had wrought some great victory, and it came to his ears from ten thousand throats,—and he smiled. And then he heard it not, for he fainted, with his boat a safe winner by a good quarter's length.

* * * *

Upon the evening of the return to New Haven, Arthur found among the accumulated mail a long, official looking envelope for Jack, and postmarked Montreal. An exclamation burst from Jack as he finished reading it, and starting from his seat in

excitement he placed the letter in Arthur's hand, who read as follows:

MONTREAL, June 5th, 188—.

John Lakeley Landseer, Esquire,
Yale University,
New Haven, Connecticut, U. S. A.

SIR:—

Replying to your favor of 1st. inst. wherein you request information as to the names of all vessels departing from Montreal on April 6th, 1856, I beg to state that the records of this office disclose the fact that only one vessel cleared from this port on the date in question, and that she failed to reach her destination as she foundered at sea when five days out. She was registered from Liverpool and commanded by Captain Charles Loveridge, who was lost with his ship. The name of the vessel was the *Lady Luthie*.

Respectfully,

JAMES McMASTER,

Registrar.

Jack and Arthur looked at each other in amazement.

"Why, Jack," exclaimed Arthur, "Luthie is John Lakeley's daughter," growing pale with excitement.

“And my cousin,” cried Jack rapturously, his affection going out to the lonely girl in a great wave of tenderness.

“I must write mother immediately, and Luthie also,” he said. “No, I will not write Luthie; I will carry the great news to her personally, and I shall go at once.”

He wrote his mother a long letter, and left by an early train for Portsmouth.

Luthie was sitting on the porch of the vine-clad cottage when Jack came to her. She greeted him warmly though quite startled at his sudden appearance. Restraining his impatience, he spoke to her calmly, and gradually led the conversation towards the important disclosure. As it progressed Luthie perceived both by Jack’s manner and language that he had something unusual to communicate that vitally affected her, and in spite of her best efforts she felt an agitation and weakness possessing her. Though thus forewarned, she was not fully prepared for the startling intelligence until it was imparted to her, and in spite of Jack’s utmost care she was overcome by the news. She wept in tumultuous sorrow and joy. Jack drew her to him in his tenderness and sympathy, and soothed and calmed her, and as she grew more composed he whispered to her softly, “I will atone, Luthie dear, for all these

years of loneliness. You shall be cousin and sister both to me. My mother longs to take you to her heart and be a mother to you as well as me. The years shall be filled with happiness for you, and I shall strive that every wish of your dear heart shall be gratified." And he spoke gently to her as he sat there with his arm about her to support her in her weakness. As he spoke he heard a footstep upon the gravel and looking up he saw Ralph standing before them with white face and flashing eye.

"My ship sails in an hour—when the tide goes out," he said, addressing Luthie. "I had thought to go on her tonight with a promise from you that I have cherished all my life. Our affection is not of a day," he said bitterly; and as he looked at Jack, Luthie tried to speak. She had heard him in a sort of daze. He had come upon them so suddenly and spoken with such rash haste that both she and Jack could do aught else at first but hear in wonder. And then, as she understood, her distress gave her anguish, and she essayed to speak, but in her weakened and excited state it was quite too much for her, and all grew dark—and she fainted.

Frightened, Jack gathered her up in his strong arms and bore her into the house. As she revived she opened her eyes and called faintly, "Ralph."

Going to the door Jack saw him disappearing at the gateway, and he told her. She rose with feeble step and walked to the lane at the gateway, where she saw Ralph's form in the distance as he strode on with proud head erect.

"Ralph,—Ralph," she called, reaching out her arms to him as she called his name, scarce knowing what she did.

But her voice was hardly above a whisper in her weakness, and he heard her not, but strode on towards his ship in the bay, while she stood there calling his name,—and suddenly a turn of the road hid him from view.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALICIA.

Arthur Pendleton had reached man's estate and found himself upon the threshold of the serious existence of life. After taking his degree at Yale, Arthur entered the law school and upon the completion of his course returned to Portsmouth. His father's health had improved, but his business matters had assumed a most discouraging condition. At this period Arthur took hold of affairs and prosecuted to a finish the steps he had undertaken a considerable time before, and not only perfected the title to the valuable deposits of molybdenum in Canada vesting in Luthie and himself, but also disposed of a portion of their holdings to an English syndicate at a sum that constituted in itself a handsome fortune. This enabled them to retrieve his father's fallen fortunes and make serene the evening of his existence, which had long been the dearest wish of their hearts.

In the early fall, as the foliage began to display the glories of autumn, and the mellowness of the Indian summer sifted its haze into the atmosphere

that brooded upon hill and vale, Arthur and Luthie were married. And as all roads in the Roman provinces led to the imperial city, so ambitious inclination in every New England hamlet that sought a new and greater field looked to the capital of Massachusetts. Arthur had been inclined at first to settle in the city of Boston, but from the description of the City of the Lakes given by Mr. Hale at the time of his visit at the Pendleton home, wherein he alluringly spoke of its many charms as a place of residence, and its prospects for future greatness, and his earnest wish for their choice of his own city, the thoughts of Arthur and Luthie were so favorably influenced as to result in a determination to make it their home. The acquaintance of the Pendletons with the Hales had been maintained by frequent correspondence, and a few years prior to their departure for their new home, cards had been received by Captain and Mrs. Pendleton announcing the marriage of their daughter Alicia to Mr. Edmund Blake.

The first to welcome them to the city was Mr. Hale; and a reception in their honor at the home of the Hales and Blakes, following shortly after their coming, was their first acquaintance with their new home, and opened the relations with Edmund and Alicia Blake, who were thereafter

to be so closely associated with their lives. Alicia Blake received her guests with a graciousness, and a winsome manner that bespoke an entire absence of conventionality, and irresistibly attracted by its sweet naturalness. Her slight, erect figure showed to admirable advantage in her evening gown, and her beautiful lustrous eyes, full of depth and meaning, illuminated her handsome, expressive countenance.

Arthur experienced a strange emotion as he first saw her, and as he bent over her hand he felt instinctively that he was in the presence of a rare woman of the finest mental perceptions and the highest moral sensibilities. Even then, to her, his highly emotional lineaments bore an expression of lofty thought, and as he looked into her face and her thought kindled at touch of his mentality, her long lashes swept her cheek in sudden contemplativeness.

Her subtle intuition and natural charm of manner, and her unaffected kindness made her an ideal hostess, and her presence was pleasurable felt by every guest at all times throughout the evening.

"I wonder if I may ask you how you like the City of the Lakes, Mr. Pendleton?" she asked, addressing Arthur as he stood by the conservatory. "We are apt to be over-enthusiastic about

our city. It is a provincialism that prompts the enquiry I have just addressed you that has undoubtedly taxed your patience ere this."

"Oh, not at all. But if it had, it certainly does not in this instance, Mrs. Blake. I like it very much in many respects. It is a beautiful city, and the climate is delightful."

"How about the people?" asked Mr. Blake, sauntering up.

"I have met some very pleasant people," Arthur replied.

At this juncture a gentleman who had joined the group interrupted with a statement addressed to Arthur smilingly: "There is one feature about the City of the Lakes that will make you feel at home, Mr. Pendleton. Although we are inland and far removed from salt water, yet you will find that the codfish is very much in the swim." This sally caused some merriment but drew a reproach from Alicia.

"Don't speak of it," said Arthur, laughing; "you make me feel homesick. In my imagination I see the fishing fleet come in from the banks as I used to so often when at home."

"The yacht club fleet coming in from a cruise will be the best substitute we can offer," said Blake good-naturedly.

"You will find something to take its place I am

sure," said Alicia, smiling brightly as she passed among her guests.

It was later in the evening that Arthur saw her passing through the conservatory. She stopped for a moment, and sitting on a low stool, leaned her head upon her hands as she bowed over a beautiful red rose to inhale its fragrance. He watched her.

She had the oval face that artists love to paint, and as her head rested upon her little hand he observed the tiny wrist of steel that grew into her rounded arms of perfect curve; and as a pretty brook in its flowing widens into a pool of crystal beauty perfect in its charm, so they lost themselves in the full-rounded, glorious shoulders that sloped gently to mingle in the sweetness of the wide expanse of her bosom.

She arose, and proudly erect she stood upon her tiny feet, and as gracefully as a fawn, light-poised and firm. With perfect grace her lithe, supple form supported itself from her dainty waist that in its smallness a man's two hands might almost span. Unconscious of her grace she was grace itself. Her bearing was beautiful, queenly, rare. Her muscles were like steel; her skin like velvet; her flesh firm as marble; her hair was rich and dark.

Her eyes were a mystery. They were dark, but defied description. There is a color that one sees

in the dark rich blue of the sea as it grows darker and darker with the heavy shadings of fast approaching night, lightened by the wondrous purple after-glow of the sunset that is gone that suggested their hue. Large, full,—and deep as the sea itself,—they revealed her soul that shone there with a delicious, sweet, soft, mysterious light—like the glow of a sacred lamp at the altar. Truth dwelt in her breast, and lightened the intellectuality of her countenance with its own radiance, which showed the thoughtful mind and cultured nature.

She loved the open air, the sky, the fields, the woods;—loved the teachings of nature, and listened to her counsel. She was an athlete with all the glow of the heroic in her being; she loved the god Pan and he wantonly wooed and worshipped her; she was simplicity, honesty, truth itself, and had no guile, and knew no evil.

The ordinary pettiness of a woman's mind was not hers, and the ordinary selfishness of a woman's heart was to her a strange and unknown emotion. She was open-minded, kind, natural, sympathetic, unceremonious. A wondrous woman this—she combined a gentle spirit with an iron will; a bright mind with a sweet disposition; philosophical thought with a sunny nature; a bold wisdom with the simplicity of a child. She had

all the sweetness and excellence of nature in her heart which was the most generous that ever beat in a woman's bosom.

Her courage was sublime, for she had a fine scorn of danger. The corpuscles of her blood were red; and she was one to lead a forlorn hope, to take the last chance, to contest with fate, and to struggle with destiny.

She was human with ideal standards. She was earthy, but not material. She was universal, but she had no worldliness. Her beautiful spirit evidenced itself in her manner, which was one of indescribable charm; it was unstudied—natural—and showed her brilliancy without artificiality. She delighted; she pleased; she fascinated; for she had a touch of genius—just a spark of the divine fire—she had drunk nectar with the gods.

Arthur approached her. She looked up and smiled. "Do you know that I have never seen the ocean," she said.

"How sorry I am," Arthur replied feelingly. "I wish I could describe its influence to you. It has been such a great part of my life. I always feel that the sea is holding some sort of mysterious influence over my life."

"I have felt the mystery of the sea," replied Alicia, "though I have never seen it."

"I feel that you are one who can take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth," said Arthur.

"I have frequently done so," said Alicia simply.

"And I believe you can sound the depths of old ocean better than I who was born at sea, and have spent most of my life upon its shores."

"Born at sea?" she repeated.

And then he told her of the *Albatross*; and she sat in a low willow chair with her hands folded in her lap and listened with rapt attention to his earnest musical tones. And then their conversation drifted, like a boat upon its waters, to the subject of the sea. He told her of its moods of softest calm when reflecting the turquoise of the heavens, it changed to a burnished shield of gold with the glow of the sunset, and became a sheen of silver when the moon sailed into the sky, and its placid surface, still as a mirror, reflected the stars shining like bright candle beams; and how its billows mounted to the height of the tallest masts when the storm rode the blast in fury. And he told her of the shells in the highest mountains, and the lowest caverns of the earth, that told their tales of the waters that had once flowed over all; of the clouds that rise from the sea and float inland to make the rivers and

streams and the showers that freshen the earth and make it fruitful and inviting; of the stones and rocks that once dwelt in its depths, now raised to the dignity of the home or the temple; of the sap of the vine and spreading tree, and the sweet life-blood of the flower, and the dew-drop upon the long tangled grass of early morning that awaits the coming of the reapers, that once flashed in the spray of the driving wind as it dipped its hand in the sea. And they talked of the wondrous forces and movements of nature traceable to the mysterious waters of old ocean, and they spoke of distant voyages, and of strange lands, and foreign peoples, and of other customs and lives differing from their own.

Their thoughts kindled at each other's fires and with absorbed minds they were scarce conscious of the passing time. Alicia recalled herself with an effort.

"What a sad hostess I am," she said as she left him to mingle with her guests, while a mental glow warmed his being. He felt the sympathetic touch of a strong intellectuality and a sweet sensitive nature. And in all the years that followed with their mysterious developments, the influence of that hour never left him. Even to his last moment he still saw her, with her eyes turned upon him, as he told her of the *Albatross*,

and as they talked of old ocean, and drifted together on the mysterious tides of thought into the vast realm of the Unknown.

The first year of their residence in the City of the Lakes seemed to Arthur and Luthie to pass quickly away. Arthur was much taken up with the establishment of his law office, and the chief hours of the day, except such time as was given to business that demanded his attention, were closely devoted to the study of the law. Luthie was engaged in all the details of establishing the new home, and she found much opportunity for the gratification of her excellent taste, which evoked Arthur's approval and fostered her delight. She made many pleasing acquaintances, and Arthur also found some among the people he met in various ways. Their home life had from its inception been most pleasant down to the present time, though in some respects they each found their new existence a disappointment and falling far short of the bright expectation it had so fondly promised.

To Arthur the loss of the companionship of his father and mother seemed at first unendurable, and altogether irreparable. He found the practice of the law distasteful to him. In actual practice it fell far short of the theory from a moral standpoint, he found, and he saw it was quite

impossible for him to follow its pursuit with any satisfaction of mind at all. The insight he obtained into business and the business methods that prevailed was no more pleasing to him, and he soon perceived that the development of his Canadian mines would not only be best to his liking, but would take all the time he felt he could afford to devote to practical affairs.

Arthur found that the City of the Lakes had many natural advantages in its location on that inland sea, and the beautiful climate, with wonderful view of lake and river, and a park of surpassingly natural loveliness that some good chance had spared from the crudities of man's feeble attempts at art, appealed to his fine senses, but the social complexion of the place was a disappointment to him. He noted an absence of that degree of public spirit to which he had been accustomed, and that there was but a feeble distinctive sentiment or spirit characterizing the community aside from ordinary commercialism. The character of the mass was necessarily governed by and reflected the elements that composed it. But there are a great variety of people, notwithstanding, among the inhabitants of a city of three hundred thousand beings and more, and Luthie and Arthur found their acquaintances and friends growing slowly in

number as time passed. Among these, and quite the first and always the most prominent, and with whom they became most closely associated, were Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Blake.

Luthie had acquired easily, and within a comparatively short time, an ardent liking for social matters quite surprising to one acquainted with her simple life, and hitherto quiet tastes. This fondness grew into a passion with indulgence until, with a growing love for the costly and fashionable as well as the beautiful in dress and surroundings, it began in a considerable degree to rule her life and control her thought. Fashionable society became a fad with her and so thoroughly that Arthur in some degree from the necessity of the situation as well as by the promptings of his own social nature, and almost unconsciously, found himself partaking considerably of affairs of such nature. With it all he found but little to his taste. The cravings of his nature were not satisfied, and he discovered that his best solace came from communion with himself, or his old friends his books—with one exception, made possible by the growing friendship of Luthie and himself with the Blakes.

Arthur and Luthie also had frequent opportunity of associating with Vivian Reide. Dr. Reide with his daughter had retired to a beau-

tiful spot on the shores of the lake. His place consisted of forty acres of land suitably apportioned between woodland, meadow, lawn, and garden, and here Dr. Reide took respite from the exacting cares of a busy professional life, and found quiet enjoyment in the care of his place, and a rapture in the companionship of his daughter.

It was a beautiful spot, and to one of his taste and fondness for nature and outdoor life, together with a regard for seclusion that had grown upon him within the past dozen years, it presented attractions that never failed to solace and satisfy him. Vivian was frequently the guest of Luthie and Arthur, as was also at times Dr. Reide, who maintained a strong interest in his young friends.

His motherless little daughter had grown into her beautiful young womanhood under his fostering and jealous care, and his devoted love for her and his watchful solicitude for her welfare and happiness easily became the main feature of his existence, and dominated every thought of his bosom. She returned his affection with an intensity that was characteristic of her ardent nature, but did not seem able to restrain at times her light-hearted willfulness, or a daring waywardness,—indications of which not only

stirred Dr. Reide to the greatest depths of fierce concern, but rendered him continually a prey to an ever-increasing anxiety, and at times a frenzied apprehension for her future.

Jack Landseer often met Vivian at the Pendleton's. Dr. Reide had a fondness for Jack. His hearty, open, frank manliness, and his serious thought and purposes in life of the best type, could not fail to impress a man of Dr. Reide's nature most favorably, and the young planter found himself a welcome guest at the beautiful home of the Reide's on the shores of the lake. Their common interest in agricultural and horticultural subjects, and the always interesting topic of the development of some fine type of animal for dairy or stable, conserved their mutual companionship along with the other thought and expression that attracted the attention of their well-developed minds.

The bright vivacious nature of Vivian was most attractive to Jack Landseer. It contrasted strongly with the straightforward simplicity of his manner. She seemed to stimulate his best thought, and he brightened in her presence as the flowers raise their heads in the sunlight. Her strange moods wrought a wonderful spell over him. They fascinated him while he wondered at it. Her merry laugh was music to his ear, and

he found her society not only charming, but becoming, almost before he realized it, indispensable.

The acquaintance of Arthur and Luthie with Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Blake gradually assumed the intimate proportions of cordial friendship, and Vivian naturally became a member of this small circle.

It was through the acquaintance of Arthur that Dr. Reide met Edmund Blake; and although he knew it not, the fate that had taken Dr. Reide to the *Albatross* held forth its hand again and led him on into the vale of shadow and mystery that lay hidden in the future.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE GOLF LINKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pendleton and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Blake were among the most prominent members of the Conjockey Golf Club. The links were laid out in a fair meadow, upon the floor of the smooth turf that was covered by the perfect product of nature's loom of soft green velvet, and reached across its wide lovely expanse into the wilder and more rugged country beyond. These members were very enthusiastic and gave considerable attention to the game, and all of them except Luthie became very skillful in its play. Alicia particularly excelled and she easily became the foremost player of the women of the club. Next to her, Vivian Reide tied the honors with several dashing young matrons of the club.

Mr. Blake and Mr. Pendleton divided the honors about evenly among the men; and the former seemed to particularly enjoy combining his excellent skill with that of Vivian Reide. Luthie cared more for the social features of the game than the actual play, and as the others became more and more interested in the actual

work of the sport her own interest lessened until she visited the grounds less often and gradually became absorbed in social functions of a more conventional and elaborate type.

Arthur and Alicia played together frequently. They were both ardent lovers of nature, and no more beautiful spot can be imagined than the landscape over which they strolled and their vision embraced, as they drove the ball forward amidst the fascinations of the play. Their acquaintance gradually ripened from day to day into a sincere and noble friendship, and unconsciously their lives expanded and grew together. Their friendship, as it blossomed forth, growing out of poetical relationship of noble feeling and sentiment, not only grew ideal, but their higher culture gradually elevating them above the ordinary level of tradition and prejudice made life for them inspiring, and introduced them into the higher domain of God's reality, hidden in the mists of the artificial world in which so many people live.

Arthur's intense soul found ready sympathy from Alicia's responsive intellect, and he gradually led her up the dazzling heights of his fine thought and her spirit expanded under the magic of his inspiration, while she at all times retained her love for simpler things, which taste sweetened

her wondrous sense of understanding and sympathy.

The weeks of the early spring that found them at their play crowded so fast one upon the other that the dropping leaves of autumn rustled beneath their feet ere they were aware that the summer had flown. During this time they had ranged in their thought a wide field of intellectual discussion as well as moral topics of a social kind. Alicia's intellectual force and just nature had prepared her for Arthur's thought concerning economic problems that engrossed his serious attention, and fostered his fervent zeal.

One bright afternoon in the early fall, becoming impatient for the arrival of the others, they began to play alone, and their conversation drifted to a general consideration of the pertinent evils of modern society which Arthur discussed with kindling enthusiasm. He pictured with fervor the removal of weaknesses and errors that obtained in the modern social state and the consummation of the happiness and well-being of all its members, with the reforms that, he affirmed, would be established by a quickened social conscience. The evils with which society is burdened, he maintained, came from two causes:—first, an archaic religious superstition; and second, an inordinate self-interest. He asserted

that all attempts at reform, betterment of conditions, attainment of culture, or a saner life, must be fruitless without effective efforts against such causation.

“But do you not think, Arthur, that the religious tolerance of the time is manifest in our civilization? Is not selfishness diminishing as evidenced by the generosity of modern society—as for instance, in our libraries and hospitals?”

“That question, Alicia, is best answered, I think, by the statement that society has not fulfilled its promises of advancement. It is true that doctrinal theology has shown a great and beneficial effect of a liberalizing spirit of a determined progressive thought, but law and custom which control and determine the welfare of the people, are rooted often in religious forms and teachings that belong to a remote past, and to the actual hindrance of social advancement, and most fatally affecting the pursuit of happiness. The institutions of which you speak, Alicia, have not the significance, I think, which you suggest, in view of the fact that they have always obtained, and in about the same proportion, to the needs of society. In fact, are they not often created as a result of either or both causes of which we speak?”

“But if that were so, is not society a beneficiary notwithstanding?” Alicia enquired.

"No, Alicia, I think not, for remove the causes and their need becomes lessened if not useless, and put a spirit of tolerance and justice in their places, and they contribute in a thousand and one other and better ways to the object desired."

"I understand you, Arthur," said Alicia softly.

His heart stirred at her sympathy. He looked into her face that glowed with feeling, and he felt the inspiration of her understanding. His emotions were deeply touched, and he experienced a new ardor of existence growing into his being that he could not analyze, as his spirit thrilled with the first faint awakenings of the divine felicity of a true companionship with a woman.

"Oh, Arthur, you inspire me so deeply for the needs of society," said Alicia feelingly. "So many things that exist about us in everyday life that I have grown accustomed to, and have believed natural and proper, you have taught me are unnatural and injurious. Things that I have despaired of being possible of betterment you have taught me to see, in the divine order of things, are but in a transient state. You have given me a faith that bids me hope that every wrong shall be righted."

"You suggest, Alicia, the awakened conscience of society that shall make way for the advance of a new age. The close of the nineteenth century witnessed the triumph of science; the progress of

the twentieth shall celebrate the crowning of the Humanities."

"But, Arthur, is not the situation encouraging? Should not one be hopeful? Is not the world progressing as rapidly as can be expected? Is not this in reality the Golden Age as compared with former periods?"

"Alicia, the world has made progress," he answered, "but has retrograded in other respects. This is an age of materialism, so violent and headstrong as to endanger the very life of humanity. This is not the Golden Age. When the fetisch of the church shall have loosed its grasp upon the intelligence of mankind, and when the Holy Spirit of Christ (Holy because of his disinterested regard for humanity, his simplicity, and his humility), and the Spirit of all the other Inspired Ones, who have wrought for the uplifting of humanity and whose names have gone also into history, together with the countless number of those of Divine Spirit who, unnamed and unknown, have gone down 'to the dreamless dust,' shall dwell in the hearts of men, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic alike; then shall the labor of the world be divided equally among us all, and shall be done with facility, and dispatch, and the hours of leisure, study, and recreation shall be long and joyous, and life shall be an inspiration; then shall

the state no longer dishonor God by committing murder, and shock the senses and brutalize the spirit of its people; then the burden of taxation shall be equally distributed, and a system of equal rights, privileges, and advantages for all prevail; then truth and justice shall be the principles of life, and consideration of self shall be superseded by devotion to the general good; then ostentation and vulgarity shall be replaced by the simple life; then shall the money-greed have pulled the structure that supports it down upon itself and expired; and oh, Alicia, then no longer shall it be possible for the mother in the slums with breaking heart, see her dying child piteously plead for the juice of an orange to moisten the feverish baby-lips, because her last few cents have gone for a dry loaf of bread, while the pampered child, a few blocks away, spurns the luscious fruit his surfeited palate mocks; then shall the misery, wretchedness, and crime of the modern indissoluble marriage tie, based upon a cruel and vicious religious superstition, have been replaced by a sacred regard for the rights and happiness of men and women by consecrating the separation of alien souls as well as the attempted union of them,—then truly shall there be the Golden Age, and the purposes of God fulfilled upon the earth.”

They had reached a seat by a winding path

beneath the outstretched limbs of a white birch tree from a pendant branch of which there hung an oriole's nest, which the trusting bird had built barely beyond reach of the hand. The afternoon sun in all the voluptuous splendor of a rare autumn day spilled its radiance over the meadow, scattering the gold among the soft, fine blades of the grass and shooting its warm, pulsing rays through the trembling, sighing limbs of the birch, while it wrapped its mantle of glory and splendor about them.

The warm panting breath of the autumn, fragrant with the suggestion of the harvest, came to their senses through the hazy atmosphere that languidly rested in fragmentary, fleecy clouds upon the drowsy landscape. The intense blue of the sky seemed to have for the moment a richness and depth of color, a feeling, a life, as though it were the eye of the universe through which looked the soul of the Creator.

Suddenly there was a sound of voices, and Vivian's laughing tones exclaimed, "Ah, here are the truants," and the next moment Edmund Blake and Vivian Reide stood before them.

"So this is the way you play golf?" she inquired merrily. "Such sober countenances and earnest tones I have never before witnessed upon the golf links."

"We are planning for the perfection of human happiness," said Arthur.

"Perfect happiness? I believe you have discovered the secret," she said, glancing from one to the other.

"I will impart it to you," said Alicia, smiling. "It is based on the proposition—'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' "

"The church has been preaching that for ages," said Blake.

"Yes," Arthur replied. "It has been preaching that for two thousand years, but its practice has too often been hollow and superficial. Materialism has largely tainted its blood and corrupted its spirit, and its religion, therefore, has been on the lips merely, not in the heart. Society has necessarily felt the influence of this condition, and expediency to a large extent has become the rule of life. The majority of the people show no regard for spiritual philosophy, and fail miserably to put into practice the simplest ethical truths so vital to their well-being. They lack real thoughtfulness, and have evolved no ideal in life."

"What is the remedy?" asked Blake, becoming interested in the discussion. "Education, I suppose."

"Yes," said Arthur, "but education leading to culture. The materialism of the ordinary education concerns itself chiefly with intellectual development with a fatal neglect of the higher and finer artistic and ethical feelings. The ordinary college education of today gives little, if any, moral or spiritual development; and any attention to ethical thought is absolutely unknown. Men are taught how to best use their faculties to make a living—not what is life, or how to live."

"You consider social progress dependent wholly upon individual culture, Arthur?"

"Certainly. Society is made up of its members. But individual culture must not be personal to itself for true social progress, but must be used for the benefit of society. The ignorant and uncultured are all about one. The crying need is apparent every hour of the day. The mission field is close at hand—before one's very eyes and ears. The best mission field is the one filled with heathen all about us—sleek and well-clothed heathen though they often be, and the religious truths we should teach are the practical ones of the religion of democracy."

"And you mean by that—"

"The philosophic anarchism of Proudhon," interrupted Alicia smiling, as she joined in the conversation.

"Which, in substance, is the Golden Rule of Jesus," continued Arthur, "and is a practical and scientific demonstration of the ideal."

"Jesus only promulgated the rule," said Alicia. "It was formulated by Hillel, the Hebrew moralist. Moses adopted it, and it was reaffirmed by Jesus. In fact, he says 'this is the law and the prophets.' Actually, Jesus took the basic truths of Christianity from the Jews:—the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Ten Commandments."

"How do you explain then the social treatment of the Jews in many of the social aspects of American life?" asked Blake.

"It is the most shameful spectacle of the age, and comes from the ignorant and selfish religious teachings of superstitious Christianity," said Alicia.

"But which is not the Christianity of Jesus," added Arthur.

"No," said Alicia. "The chief Mosaic law was the Love of Man, and the obligations of human brotherhood, which Jesus adopted and made the guiding star of his life and teaching, and enabled him to take the name of Messiah, and its principle formulated by Judaism and reaffirmed by Christianity shall yet be the basic creed of the religion of democratic America that

shall unite Jew and Christian, all men, and combine them in their work for humanity, literature, art, philosophy, ethical culture, and cause them to work together in sympathy and harmony for the uplifting of mankind." Alicia spoke with feeling, and her face glowed with enthusiasm.

"Aside from the evils in our social system based upon religious superstition do you think the materialism of the time equally hurtful to the national character?" asked Blake.

"Yes," answered Arthur. "As a nation we have betrayed the trust of our forefathers. America is evidencing the decrepitude in her national life that shows the decay of the high principles of morality and liberty which were formerly the heart-beats of her existence. She has lost faith in spiritual convictions. We truly justify the Englishman's accusation that we are a nation of shop-keepers; that the Atlantic seaboard is one long counter. The author of *Sweetness and Light* had good reason for despairing of the American people ever being able to appreciate the word culture."

"We are a practical people," said Blake.

"The truth is we are not only practical, material, but we are dishonest," said Arthur. "America is the Sick Man of the West. We are continually on the verge of national nervous prostration. Anxiety about stocks is the chief concern of

existence, and the greed for the dollar the impulse of life. We no longer dream dreams, 'live for a dream, fight for a dream, die for a dream.' Imaginative faith is gone, and no longer becomes a potent force to work out of our visions virile substance, and shape the ideal into national life and existence."

"I had begun to think from previous talks with you that you were inclined to think that Socialism was the cure for the evils of the time, but from your conversation today it appears that you believe society will work out its destiny from the efforts of the individual. That is my thought also. I do not believe in Communism," said Blake.

"I think Socialism is going to have a very beneficial effect on the future of society," Arthur replied, "and I believe in Communism in many respects. But it is my firm belief that the progress of society must depend upon the individual—upon the initiative of strong ethical personality. I confess I am doubtful of results from a system that would weaken individuality. The highest social progress of the future is to come, I believe, from the development of the ethical powers of the individual to the utmost, with absolutely personal freedom."

"The Darwin theory of 'The Struggle for Ex-

istence," continued Arthur, "will give way to the newer evolution which may be stated as being The Struggle for the Existence of Others, and his law of the 'Survival of the Fittest' shall give way for the Survival of All. This will produce a high-minded individual effort resulting for the good of society—an ethical co-operative movement of cultured individuals."

"Yes, I think that society and the individual are inseparably connected, but in such a manner that the one cannot entirely merge into the other," said Blake.

"I think that is true," said Arthur. "The relations of the individuals that compose society, in their social connections, are peculiar and complex; and they still retain their personality while they influence and mould society, and it in turn influences and moulds them. Society adapting the culture of each individual and conserving it cumulatively, a true ethical social impulse results which is the fundamental condition of progress."

"There is Luthie coming," exclaimed Vivian suddenly, looking over the meadow where a man and woman could be seen slowly making their way over the sward.

"That must be Jack with her," said Arthur. "They are following the course to find us."

"I didn't know that Jack was in town," said Vivian intently.

"Why he has not been," answered Arthur. "He must have come today unexpectedly."

Blake looked at Vivian and saw a rosy flush mantling her cheek. He spoke in a tone of annoyance. "We will not get any play today if we don't begin," he said. "The sun is getting low."

They all walked towards Luthie and Jack.

"Why so serious?" called out Vivian as they approached.

"We have been talking about Cuba," said Luthie as they met. "Jack has been telling me about the cruelties practiced by the Spaniards upon the Cuban women and children as shown by Senator Proctor's report."

"Has it been made public?" asked Arthur.

"Yes, and it is a recital of practices beyond belief. It is something terrible," said Jack with intense feeling.

"I don't see why the President doesn't intervene and drive the Spaniards out, and set Cuba free," said Alicia, her face glowing with humanity.

"I hope he won't do anything of the kind," said Blake. "It will hurt business."

"Business! Business! I am sick of the word," exclaimed Alicia with sudden passion.

"That is a word I never hear," said Luthie.

"I think there is not much danger," continued Blake. "McKinley will not do anything to injure the interests of the country."

"It doesn't rest with McKinley alone," interrupted Jack. "I believe he has the moral status to rise to the occasion and heed the voice of humanity and the demand of the American people for intervention. But Congress will, if he doesn't."

"Why, Jack, I thought you were a Republican," interrupted Blake.

"I am, or at least I thought I was," replied Jack.

"I predict," he continued, "that if Spain doesn't withdraw from Cuba within a very short time, Congress will declare war, and the American army will set Cuba free. I have been among the people—the people that Lincoln called "the plain people"—and they are just as earnest for the freedom of Cuba as they were for the freedom of the slaves."

"War would do some lines of business good," said Blake thoughtfully. "I would like to get a contract for the equipment of the soldiers."

"I will give you an order for one uniform now," said Jack quietly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BENEATH THE ELMS OF OLD YALE ONCE MORE.

The days of autumn ripened one by one and fell from the stem of Time in the fullness of their maturity, and it was not long before the icy breath of old Boreas made the air crisp and sparkling, and caused the blood to tingle. The golfing season was over and the club-house closed. The meadow was now deserted. The grass had turned to a dull brown, and along the edges of the paths and about the shrubs and bushes the fierce winds of November had driven the curled leaves in countless numbers that so short a time ago danced in the summer breezes. They lay in piles, or, at times, in long, thin rows as the grass lies in the summer beneath the stroke of the scythe. The branches of the trees were bare, and looked spectral against the grey sky that plainly showed the sign of hidden snow.

Keen winds and driving leaves, and faded and shrunken fields beneath sodden skies are not devoid of beauty or inspiration to the true lover of nature, and Alicia loved the time as well as the charm and glowing force of the awakening spring.

To her the voice of nature seemed to be particularly pregnant with meaning at this season of the year. Its full-volumed tones carried to her heart a message that no other period of the year possessed. There was a melancholy in the air that often suited her mood, and the sad and prophetic voice of autumn seemed never to make her disconsolate, but rather soothed and inspired her sober and thoughtful senses. She delighted to go forth on long walks through the park, and the country-side, and to return with cheek and heart aglow with exhilaration. Warmly clad she braved the fiercest winds, and her little feet never grew weary as she tramped many a mile of frost-bitten landscape.

One wild, fierce day Arthur joined her in her walk, and their wanderings took them through the city and beyond, along the country road, for many miles. They had gone quite a distance before they realized its extent, and then it suddenly became apparent to Arthur that a storm was imminent, and that it was growing dark.

"We must return at once, Alicia," he said hurriedly. "How cold it is! I fear that your light jacket does not give you sufficient protection."

"Oh, yes it does," Alicia answered, but even as she spoke she dimly realized that she was trembling with the cold.

They turned back, and walked at a swift pace to reach home before the storm. Alicia began to experience a sense of weariness through her exertions and the struggle with the increasing force of the wind which at times seemed to take her breath away. They had reached the links when suddenly the air was filled with driving snow that whirled fiercely about them and dashed into their faces on the wings of a hurricane, as a blizzard of the wildest type burst its fury upon them. Alicia gave a little gasp of dismay as the wind almost swept her from her feet. She clung to Arthur's arm in desperation as she battled with the storm, and suddenly she felt him free himself from her grasp, and then saw him quickly pull off his overcoat and try to put it on her.

"No! No! Arthur," she cried to him, resisting. But he seized her in his arms and by main force slipped the overcoat about her and buttoned it tightly. Then he took her arm and protecting her from the blinding sleet as much as possible, with bowed heads they struggled on.

Suddenly Alicia felt a sense of weakness and she faltered. "I cannot go further," she gasped.

He looked about him in desperation. He saw they were not far from the golf club-house. It had been closed since the end of the golfing season but it would afford her the shelter and rest she so

urgently needed. He had his key to the house in his pocket, and with sudden resolution he took her little form in his arms and hastened towards the club-house. He soon reached the building, that looked dark and lonesome with shutters closed. He made his way to the veranda and opened the front door. As he did so he thought he heard the sound of voices. He closed the outer door and stood in the darkness in the hallway in amazement, still holding Alicia in his arms, and panting from his fierce exertions. From a slight opening of the door of the lounging room a beam of light streamed out into the hallway. He started to follow the light to its source, and as his footsteps echoed through the hallway he heard the suppressed scream of a woman, and then a man's voice called out in excitement, "Who is there?"

He recognized the voice. "Are you there, Blake?" he cried.

There was silence, save for the murmur of low voices that came from the room.

Then Arthur heard the voice call out again, "Who is there?"

"It is I,—Pendleton," Arthur answered as he reached the door, and pushing it open, he staggered into the room with Alicia in his arms.

He placed her in a large, soft-cushioned chair before the fire.

"Alicia!" exclaimed Blake.

"We were walking, and were overtaken by the storm. She is exhausted," explained Arthur, as he strove for breath.

He heard a woman's slight scream, and to his surprise he saw Vivian kneeling by Alicia and removing her wet wraps, and chafing her face and hands. Blake poured some liquor from a bottle that stood on the table and gave it to Alicia.

Arthur took a cushion from a couch near the fire, and placed it under her head.

In a few moments she spoke. "I feel better now," she said with a faint smile.

"You must take some refreshment," said Vivian. She filled the glass again and made Alicia drink its contents, and gave her food from the table. Blake filled a glass and passed it to Arthur, and requested him to partake of the viands upon the table.

The table was spread with a light repast consisting of the bottle of cocktails, some crackers, a quantity of cheese, and a plate of tarts. They all partook of the luncheon, and as they sat there eating and drinking and enjoying the grateful warmth of the fire, Blake explained how, in their zeal for the sport, he and Vivian had attempted



*He took her little form in his arms and hastened
towards the club-house.*

PAGE 203.

to have one more game of golf, and had sought shelter in the club-house from the impending storm.

And as the wind and storm beat against the windows, they suddenly heard a noise from without.

"I wonder what that is?" exclaimed Arthur. "It may be some unfortunate person lost in the storm and calling for aid. I will go and see if anyone needs assistance."

"No, you must not go," said Blake quickly, and he caught hold of Arthur, who had risen, and forced him into his chair.

"You have suffered from the exposure to the storm, and your clothes are still wet. Stay by the fire, and I will go and see what the trouble is."

"I dread to have you go into that storm, Edmund," said Alicia. Blake hastily left the room, and after a short time he returned. He spoke hurriedly.

"How fortunate!" he exclaimed. "There is a hackman outside who, becoming confused in the storm, has come this way. Seeing our house, he called out to us. I have told him our situation and he has consented to take us home." They entered the carriage and arrived home without further adventure.

Winter now set in in earnest. Indoor attractions supplanted those of the open air, and social

entertainments passed the weeks along in rapid succession. Spring came. All nature woke from the sleep of winter, and the air grew soft and mild again. Arthur and Luthie had planned a party to enjoy the commencement exercises at Yale, and in the month of June they departed for New Haven. It was a week of much interest and enjoyment for all of the party, and it culminated in the Senior Promenade which was the most prominent social event of the week.

It was towards the close of the ball that Arthur and Alicia sought the cool air of the beautiful night of that perfect June day, without the ball-room. Through the elms upon the campus the bright moon softly gleamed, and they wandered forth among the moonlight and the shadows.

She leaned lightly upon his arm. The orchestra in the ballroom was playing a well-known air. It came to his ear faintly. It was the sweet old song of the campus. He heard it again dimly as he did that ne'er-forgotten day when he sat in the Varsity boat at New London waiting for the word. The spirit of that intense hour seemed to rest upon him once more with all its fierce, wondrous spell. Again he felt his heart bursting in his breast; again his blood ran like fire through his veins; again his breath came in suffocating gasps.

As in the moonlight he looked into her face, the sweet familiar cadences of the song rose and fell and seemed to bear him lightly away; and he thought he lived again a wondrous night, when a youth upon his father's ship, beneath the magic charm of a perfect tropic night. The *Albatross* was off the coast of the land of the Incas. The air was soft and sweet, and laden with the spice-winds of distant isles. The ship lulled him, as the soft breeze toyed with the sail looming ghostly white towards the low-bending, passionate sky. The wondrous, magic beauty of the night stirred him as though his blood were mixed with rich, rare old wine.

And as he looked into her eyes again he saw the perfect beauty of the stars as they flashed their soft, delicious light through the sensuous evening air. And then he knew that the longing of his soul upon that wondrous tropic night for some sweet spiritual influence—for the sacred touch of an ideal soul—that he had yearned for and found not,—had now come to him as gently and sweetly as the forgotten strains of that long-silenced song, or the memory of that wondrous tropic night upon the *Albatross* when close to Nature's heart he felt her passionate pulses throbbing against his own.

And they passed beneath the elms, in the darkness, together.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSES.

Christmas had come and gone. Winter again held all in its fast embrace in this Northern land. Alicia had been fully occupied from early fall until now in various good works to which she was fondly attached. Her time in this respect had been more than usually engaged, and although it was well into the new year, her ardent attention to these worthy charitable and helpful ministrations of her devoted labors had hardly permitted her any social diversion whatever. The end of the holidays had now brought her some respite in this respect, and daintily gowned she now sat before the fire in her little sitting room adjoining her chamber, enjoying a well-earned rest. Dainty and sweet she looked as she sat there holding Luthie's card, which the maid had just brought her, in her hand. She completed her toilet by fastening a single red rose at her corsage.

Entering the drawing-room she greeted Luthie warmly.

"I have brought you in person an invitation to our reception," said Luthie prettily, her cheeks

flushing with delight as she spoke of the coming event.

"Oh, how delightful. We shall enjoy going so much," said Alicia.

"I am expecting Arthur every moment. He will call for me," said Luthie.

"Here he is now," she added as she glanced out of the window, and a moment later Arthur entered.

Greeting the ladies, he crossed the drawing-room to Alicia, where a smile of welcome gleamed from her glorious eyes. He bowed low over her hand in his knightly fashion, and the fragrance of the rose at her breast kissed his face.

"What a sweet and beautiful rose," he said.

"It is my favorite flower," Alicia replied softly.

"Is it the Meteor?" asked Luthie.

"No," Alicia replied, "it is the Liberty. It is the one rose I know of that combines such sweetness and beauty. I am very fond of it."

"May I have it?" Arthur asked gently.

Alicia hesitated.

"How selfish, Arthur," interrupted Luthie. "Don't you know how a woman dislikes to disarrange her toilet?" she said, with a merry laugh.

"He has such a passion for flowers," she added in explanation, addressing Alicia. "Do not give it to him, Alicia. It is your favorite flower,"

and the only one you have.” Alicia smiled, and taking the rose from its resting place she fastened it upon Luthie’s bosom.

It was a beautiful sight that greeted Mr. and Mrs. Blake as they entered the Pendleton home upon the evening of the reception. It was entering fairyland to pass from the chill wintry air to the warm fragrant sweetness of their home. The reception hall was banked with roses of brilliant redness. Blake glanced at a single red rose Alicia wore at her breast and saw it repeated hundreds of times in the rooms about him. There were Liberty roses everywhere. The air was laden with their perfume. The dining-room was a mass of the same rich, fragrant flower. The center-piece of the polished mahogany was an exquisite punch bowl, wondrously wrought of polished glass, with daintily conceived figures of Bacchus glowing redly from its flashing surface as they pressed their lusty lips towards the liquid sweetness within the bowl. The guests of the Pendletons admired its beauty greatly. A wreath of the sweet red roses rested upon its top like a crown. The fragrant spiced wines that mingled in the bowl mixed their odors with the sweetness of the roses that encircled the crystal basin. The reception proved a most successful affair. The cultured hospitality of host and hostess had made

it most highly enjoyable. The moments had flown on the wings of pleasure, and now at a late hour most of the guests had departed. Jack and Dr. Reide sat in the library engaged in conversation. Through the open doorway into the dining-room Jack cast occasional glances, where light laughter, amidst which he could distinguish Vivian's silvery tones, came to his ear most enticingly, as he heard their conversation.

"You have lost your rose, Alicia," said Blake, as he observed the flower missing from her dress.

"Here is another," said Luthie, coming forward with one in her hand.

"Let me make compensation," said Arthur hurriedly; and as he spoke he raised the wreath of roses from the punch bowl and placed it about Alicia's neck.

"I am sorry that we have not more necklaces," said Arthur. "In lieu of them you ladies shall wear crowns of flowers," he said, addressing Luthie and Vivian. Taking some roses he deftly shaped them in Luthie's hair in the semblance of a crown. Blake placed the brilliant red blossoms in Vivian's black tresses. As he touched her hair he felt its silken softness. As she raised her head she saw her father and Jack entering the doorway. Dr. Reide stood in the doorway and looked coldly at Blake.

"Don't you think that is a beautiful punch bowl, papa?" said Vivian brightly.

"It is, indeed," he replied. "It is truly a work of art," he said, addressing Arthur. "It looks as though it might have had a history. It is an exquisite production," he said admiringly.

"It has a history, but it is an uncanny tale. The bowl at one time graced the board of a Venetian nobleman, and although this is the dawn of the twentieth century and we are not superstitious, perhaps you will be startled to hear that there is a curse hanging over the bowl."

"A curse?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes," said Arthur, smiling. "A curse that declares that whoever drinks from the bowl shall die a violent death."

"A violent death!" exclaimed Blake.

And they all looked at each other wonderingly.

"Why, we have all drunk except papa!" exclaimed Vivian.

"Won't you drink?" said Arthur, laughing as he filled a glass and handed it to the doctor.

He declined with a grave face. "Tell us the history of the bowl," he said.

Arthur looked about him and saw interest depicted upon the faces of all.

"This bowl, centuries ago," he said, "belonged to a Venetian nobleman, and was a noted master-

piece of crystal art at the capital of the Adriatic when her marble palaces were the art centers of the world. It was presented to my father by a descendant of this nobleman in acknowledgment of the gratitude he bore my father for having saved his life at sea. The bowl had been rarely used. In the olden time they used to speak about it in a whisper. A curse hung over it. It was beautiful to look upon, but its draught was deadly pestilence. Whoever drank from its delicious depths was doomed to a violent and horrible death. So ran the weird legend.

“The tale that has come down with it from that remote period is this. It was the time of the Feast of the Roses in the Venetian capital. In one of the noble families the celebration was at its height. The sweetest music filled the corridors and floated out the casement to mingle with the gently lapping waves of the moonlit tide. The daughter of the house was a beautiful girl, and she stood with the guests in a marble gallery amidst the richest paintings and tapestries, with this selfsame punch bowl filled to the brim.

“All hearts beat merrily save the two rivals for the fair lady’s favor. The chimes of St. Mark’s struck the hour of midnight, and as the notes of the bells pealed forth, a cry of horror rose from the

assemblage. The girl had stood there with a garland of roses encircling her throat.

“ ‘I drink to the Queen of the Roses,’ the prince had cried as he raised his glass to her, dripping with sweetness from the depths of the crystal bowl.

“ ‘You drink to the Queen of Death!’ his rival exclaimed as he plunged his poniard in his heart. The prince fell across the bowl and his heart’s blood mixed with the red wine of the feast. They laid him on a couch, dead, with the bloody dagger still lying beside the punch bowl, where it had fallen as they drew it from the wound.

“The girl was beautiful in her paleness. They say she trembled slightly only as the dagger struck him. She seized his glass and touched it with her lips as she took it from his unresisting hand. She filled it from the bowl with the ruddy wine all stained and mixed with the ruddy currents of his heart.

“ ‘To the Queen of the Roses!’ she cried wildly, as she drained the glass to the last drop, and she seized the poniard and plunged it into her breast, to the hilt.”

As Arthur finished the weird tale they stood in silence, looking at each other with something akin to awe.

“I drink to the Queen of the Roses,” exclaimed

Arthur feelingly, raising his glass. He looked at Alicia, unconsciously.

"You mean the Queens of the Roses," said Luthie laughing.

"The Queens of the Roses," Arthur repeated after her. Blake filled his glass and his glance rested upon the crown of flowers he had lately fashioned.

Dr. Reide looked coldly at him. Jack stood irresolute and grave. Then he filled a glass and looked at Vivian. She was looking at Blake, and as she felt Jack's glance fall upon her she turned her head away. Jack raised his glass and bowed to Luthie.

"I drink to the Queen of the Roses," said Arthur, in tones sweet and low. They all drank in silence. Then they left the dining-room to prepare for departure.

It was Blake that attended Dr. Reide and his daughter to their carriage, and as they drove away Dr. Reide saw Alicia vainly striving to open her own carriage door, unheeded by the sleepy coachman. Arthur had gone to the dining-room for her fan and gloves. Dr. Reide replied coldly to Blake's cordial expression of good night, and he muttered in a low tone as the carriage left him.

"What did you say, papa?" asked Vivian as she sank back upon the cushions.

"Nothing," he muttered.

"Oh, yes you did. I heard you say something about being 'harried by haste though bent on leisure.' "

The physician laughed.

"If you mean that I hurried you, you are a naughty papa, for I was not ready to come. It is not late," she continued, as she looked at the sky which already began to show the grey of the coming dawn.

"I thought you never would get through talking with Jack about those Jerseys," she said pettishly. "He hardly spoke to me the whole evening," she complained, with a toss of her head.

"He probably felt that you did not lack attention," said her father shortly, and he relapsed into silence with closed eyes.

The carriage rolled down the avenue on the way to their apartments at the hotel. Their driver halted a few moments to tighten some loosened strap about the harness, and the other carriage bearing Alicia and her husband home overtook them and preceded them down the avenue, and as they passed the Blake home, it stood at the curb. Alicia was ascending the steps of the house, and Blake stood by the carriage. He looked up eagerly as Vivian's carriage passed, and he saw a white arm gleam from the carriage

window—and then he felt a rose strike him full in the face. It smelled of the fragrance of her hair, and he caught it as it fell.

As they stood beneath the chandelier in the broad reception hall Blake unclasped the opera cloak from Alicia's shoulders and revealed the wreath of roses lying across her bosom like a chain.

"That was a pretty idea of the necklace," he said.

"Yes," she responded dreamily.

He spoke of the necklace and he thought of the crown of roses.

As Alicia laid her fan upon her table in her chamber she noticed that her hands and arms were cold, and she observed that her host had evidently forgotten to hand her her gloves when he gave her the fan at the carriage door. She removed her gown and sat before her mirror, and there she saw reflected the wreath of roses still clinging about her neck. She heard her husband's voice at her doorway.

"Good-night, Queen of the Roses," he said.

"Good-night," she answered.

And as she sat there with Arthur's roses fading on her bare bosom, the first streaks of the dawn glowed in the east and the rosy flush of morn peeping in at her window, emboldened, stole in

and dispelled the shadows of the night that lay about her, and lighted up her chamber with the faint glimmer of the morning.

And so the shadows that lingered in the recesses of her heart seemed to rise and float away before the dawn of a new day, as she sat there lost in thought, never moving, scarcely breathing, while she seemed to hear again in tones of full-volumed music, sweet and low, "I drink to the Queen of the Roses."

CHAPTER XX.

THE WAND OF WAR.

It was the time of the early spring. It was midnight. The air was soft and the moon looked down upon the lake from a clear sky. It saw a small sailing yacht slowly creeping in the light breeze, shoreward, evidently trying to make the land before the wind failed altogether. Jack had run up from the City of the Lakes expecting to make the dock at the Reide's home before the dusk, but the fickle wind had frustrated the plan. A glow in the sky showed the reflection of the lights of the city miles away. He was now approaching the shore, and in a few minutes the sail was made snug and the boat tied to the wharf. Jack made his way along the walk reaching from the dock to the carriage-drive, which lead in its winding course to the house, which set back amidst some fine old trees on the lawn, quite a distance from the entrance to the place. Just outside the gate he suddenly saw a light brightly gleam amidst a clump of shrubbery that bordered the entrance to the place, and move out upon the road swiftly, to be quickly lost in the distance.

He wondered at it without fathoming its meaning; and proceeded towards the house with the hope that Dr. Reide, tempted by the beauty of the night, would still be awake notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

A subject of vital importance possessed his thoughts. He knew at last that he loved Vivian Reide with a feeling and intensity that possessed his whole soul. It had grown upon him day by day until he found thoughts of her filling every moment of his existence, until he found himself seeking her presence upon every possible occasion, until at last he realized that without her, life would be a failure and a mockery.

He had witnessed the intimacy growing up between Blake and Vivian with considerable anxiety, and at times he felt so displeased over it that he thought to dismiss her from his affections. But he found he could not do that, strive as he may, and so he drifted on. He had thought it all out in the shadow of his spreading sail. He had wanted to get away by himself; to read his own heart; to cast the horoscope of his life. Impelled by an intense desire for solitude he took Arthur's boat, and had sought communion with his innermost thoughts far from the interruption of the bustling life that he left behind him as he sailed into the west.

And so as destiny shaped the purpose of his thought and guided it irresistibly into the channel of his deep love for her, and formed the resolve that now fastened upon his spirit, as he thought fervently about it, he did not need to change the course of his vessel, for his hand upon the tiller laid the course of his boat to the west, and to her. He would reach there ere the dusk, he thought, and then he pictured the opportunity that would be afforded him to acquaint Dr. Reide with the feelings he bore his daughter, as they enjoyed their evening cigars on the lawn; feelings which, he almost knew, Dr. Reide must already realize. And then to tell Vivian of the message he bore her! And at thought of it he could not brook the exasperating delay of his slow sailing craft. Then he noticed with vexation that the light breeze was slowly dying, and he soon found himself becalmed, and his impulses bounding under the restraint of delay. As he approached the house he saw a form moving across the lawn towards the house, and his own noiseless footsteps upon the soft grass brought him face to face with Vivian at the veranda steps.

She started violently and gave a slight scream.

"Jack!" she exclaimed, as she pressed her hands to her breast.

"Vivian!" he said impetuously, dazed by her

sudden appearance,—the passion of his heart leaping to his lips as he saw her. His love for her dominated every thought of his mind, and like a swift stream that, obstructed, leaps its banks and runs rampant, so the pent up tide of his passion leaped over every barrier of conventional resolve, and swept away with its impetuosity all preconcerted arrangement, and poured into Vivian's ear the torrent of his earnest words. He reached his arms towards her, and she tried to escape from him, but he seized her, and with his arms about her, held her hands in his own warm grasp as he spoke. She trembled with bowed head, as she heard him.

"Don't Jack," she pleaded piteously.

"Darling—"

"Don't Jack. No! No! You must not."

"I must speak, Vivian. My heart—"

She struggled to be free.

"Let me go, Jack," she interrupted. "Please, dear Jack," she begged. She raised her face to his in entreaty. He kissed her on the lips.

"I love you," he whispered. "I—"

"You must not!" she exclaimed passionately. "It is too—" she faltered. "I cannot love you. Leave me!" she said fiercely, and freeing herself, she ran up the steps, just as the wheels of an approaching carriage sounded on the driveway.

The horses halted and Dr. Reide descended from the carriage.

"Why Jack, how happy I am to see you," he exclaimed, reaching out his hand cordially to Jack. "I am sorry now that I am late in arriving home. I did not hurry as I knew the enjoyment of the drive along the lake shore in the moonlight."

"I arrived but a short time ago," replied Jack. "I expected to be here by dark, but the wind failed."

"Did you sail up today?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"I didn't know but what you came in an automobile, from the city," said the physician. "I met one down the road a short distance running at high speed."

"An automobile!" exclaimed Jack.

Vivian said nothing. They were standing now in the front hall and Jack saw her flushed face in the gaslight. As her father spoke she turned her head and disappeared behind the portiers of the library, and as Jack and her father took their cigars to the front veranda, she stole upstairs to her room with tumultuous heart.

She drew a low chair to the window, and held the fleecy drapery aside with her hand and folded it against her hot cheek, as she looked out into the night. She saw across the smooth water of the

lake the light of the moon like a road of beaten silver. And it seemed to her a broad highway stretching far across the waters to the city by the lake, and as her gaze rested upon it she thought she saw the bright lights of a swiftly moving automobile running rapidly over the silver roadway towards that distant city; and when, frightened, she looked again, she saw nothing but the stars peacefully reflected from its depths.

She did not see Jack again. He was up and away before the dawn. As she rose she looked out of her window, and saw that his boat was missing from the wharf and far out on the lake she could see the flashing sail as it sped swiftly away with the freshening breeze. She watched it till it dwindled to a speck, and vanished in the distance.

* * * *

It had come at last—war with Spain—a step in human progress—a compact with civilization, to be sealed with blood. It was the May-day in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-eight. Memorable day! The sun arose and looked down on a city of banners. How they flashed in the sunlight! How they danced on the breeze! How merrily they flung themselves to the winds! The

Sixty-fifth Regiment of the National Guard was to leave for the front! The city was early astir. The people began to gather on the main street of the city at an hour when usually that chief thoroughfare looks deserted and strange. Mothers stood patiently on the hard stone with babes in their arms. Children ate their breakfasts from their hands, and, wearied with waiting, nodded against mothers' knees as they clutched the dress for support. At the hour when the banks usually open, the street was a solid mass of people; a dense phalanx of humanity from wall to curb—impenetrable. Every window teemed with human beings; every space to which foot or hand could cling was occupied. The whole city was on hand to see its well-prized regiment leave for the war. The Stars and Stripes were everywhere. The main street was a mass of the national colors. Patriotism seemed, for the moment, to have run rife. Business, that great god, had for the time lost its votaries. The money tellers at the banks looked through their little iron gratings for customers that did not come. The great piles of money on the counters ready for distribution to greedy fingers were uncalled for. There was a wee speck of humanity in the hearts of men after all. God does not permit it to die out altogether. All men recognized that truth on that day, and it

made them kin, though they were to be quite ashamed of it, perhaps, on the morrow.

Vivian sat with Blake in his automobile at a corner on the chief thoroughfare of the city. The faint strains of the music reached them. Louder, louder it grew till the full blare of the trumpets and the roll of the drums burst upon them in wild, sweet stirring strains. A thousand rifles gleamed in the sunlight as the regiment, with long, easy tread swung into view, while the deafening shout from the curb drowned the martial strains of the music. It was a thrilling scene. The people went mad with savage joy as the regiment tramped steadily on with rhythmic step, with neither a look to the right nor to the left; their colonel at their head—beau-ideal of a soldier; tall, with eagle face, bold, fearless, with flashing eye; straight as an Indian, swarthy as a Spaniard—a veritable Castilian, with red bandana knotted round his brown throat. His heart must have thrilled as few men's hearts do nowadays, as he marched at the head of his troops. No Roman general entering the imperial city fresh from victorious fields and loaded with the spoils of war, to receive the wild acclaim of the people, ever had a more splendid triumph. He had waited for this day. He knew it would come—and when it did, it found him ready with a thousand trained

heroes at his back, who caught their guns with joy at the call of the Nation. Truly, everything comes to him who knows how to wait.

A sweet-faced little girl—a mere child,—bare-headed, ran from the curb with outstretched arms and upheld to him a mass of beautiful flowers. Most men would have taken the flowers. It would have been a man-like thing to do. The majority would have taken them as a tribute to vanity; some, to avoid the possibility of hurting the feelings of the little girl; some, from instinct—that feeling that prompts most men to grab anything that's offered to them. But he was so brave a knight that he would not take the flowers, even at the risk of paining the sensitive heart of the dear little child. He had no time to consider the matter. He had to decide with the quickness of the lightning's flash—and he decided rightly. It was a simple thing to do but it had the elements of greatness in it. As she reached the flowers to him, he shook his head—and passed on.

As the regiment marched by it was a sight to make the sluggish blood leap in the veins. Vivian's heart was aglow.

"Brave fellows," she murmured. "I wish Jack could witness this scene," she said impulsively. "He was so interested in Cuba, you know."

"He will see all he'll want of it," said Blake with

a laugh. "The Sixty-fifth is going to be in it all right. The regiment is highly regarded by the War Department at Washington, and is certain to get orders for Cuba. Jack probably made sure of that before he joined the regiment."

"Jack—joined the regiment!" echoed Vivian in amazement, looking at him with staring, bewildered eyes.

"You know that Jack joined the Sixty-fifth, do you not?" asked Blake. As he looked at her he saw that she did not know.

The troops had passed. The music was faint in the distance. She saw the flashing bayonets tossing like the waves of the sea, far down the street. A wave of tenderness and emotion swept over her. She eagerly sought a last sight of the soldiers through her tears. Her feelings swelled in her heart. Her soul expanded, and her better nature, all untouched until now, sprang to life beneath the magic touch of the Wand of War, and rose to rebuke her. She shrank back, pale and trembling, from her own self, before the uncovered presence of her love for Jack Landseer, that soldier who had marched by with his rifle on his shoulder, all unknown to her, which had suddenly come to her, she now knew, and possessed her whole heart,—and alas, so late! And the thousand soldiers, before her very eyes,

merged into One, and as they bravely marched away and disappeared, she thought she would go mad with her grief, her longing, and her despair.

So overcome were her senses that she scarcely heard the words, "Those poor devils only get thirteen dollars a month."

And the music grew fainter, and fainter; and then she heard it no more.

CHAPTER XXI.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

The shores of the lake, running towards the southwest from the City of the Lakes, with their cool breezes and picturesque charm, offer to the residents of the city an attraction for summer residences that takes from the city's confines, during the heated term, many of its inhabitants. The Blakes and Pendletons had been accustomed, for a number of years past, to spend the summer months upon the shores of the lake, together.

To Arthur this period of the year was particularly attractive. His early passion for the sea, and which he had always retained though denied the opportunity of its enjoyment, sought the satisfaction thus afforded him in these summer months by the waters of the lake. He often yielded to the subtle temptation of the natural beauty of the place, to spend days at a time beside the shores of this inland sea, that stretched away in beauty and majesty at his feet. Alicia was often his soulful companion.

The charming environment of the scene, with its long miles of white, glistening sand bordering

the blue waters, with rising bluff and bit of woodland where some few hoary trees of a century ago, that had escaped the woodman's axe, arose above the undergrowth of a later day, offered vistas of delightful contemplation, and invited their thoughtful footsteps to many a ramble, with attendant opportunity for communion, among all the inspiring influences of nature.

The relations of Arthur and Alicia had grown ideal. Their culture had removed them above precedent and prejudice, and their superior intelligence made them independent of the rules of custom. Their intellectual and sentimental natures, devoid of the traits that commonly characterize the ordinary relations of men and women, resulted in a sweet and lasting friendship. Their intercourse developed a mutually beneficial influence of so high a degree that their natures grew together into a companionship that constituted a state of highest good and happiness. The scope of their expansion was confined by no creed, and the possibilities of their existence were not frustrated by the rules of custom which society habitually follows.

It was a beautiful day in June that they sat upon the sands of the beach, quite alone. The waters reflected the blue of the heavens, and the white sail of distant boat, here and there, seemed

but the reflection of the occasional snowy clouds that sailed slowly the blue of the ether above. The warm sun on the sands was grateful to the body, and the faint breath of the summer wind brought from the lake a sweetness from its cooling depths. Behind them, a grove with its inviting recesses of mossy banks, and modest flowers that bloomed "to please no eye but God's," sheltered a hidden bird that from some spray piped a song of full-throated melody,—and with its quiet aisles suggested the groves of the ancients where, in the Temple of Nature, Philosophy and Poetry first sounded the chords of the immortal Hymn of Life.

"What a perfect day, Arthur," said Alicia. "All nature seems to suggest naught to one but the good and beautiful."

"And how little are the lessons heeded," Arthur answered. "I have been quite disturbed, Alicia, by an account I saw this morning of the action of a bishop in one of the eastern states who has refused to admit a clergyman to his diocese, to exercise the pastoral function in a parish to which he has been called, by reason of the fact that his wife is a woman who had secured a divorce from a former husband."

"You mean who had not secured a divorce from her husband," said Alicia.

"No," he replied, laughing at her innocence. "A woman who had secured a divorce from her husband."

"Is it not an outrage," he continued, "that such things should be? These people may have the finest characters and be the highest types of development, and the clergyman may have the best qualifications of heart and mind for the exercise of the pastoral relation which the parishioners of this church have asked him to fill, and yet that counts for nothing, and he is prevented from accepting the duties of the place, and the will of the members of this parish is set at naught."

"What a burden of shame and unhappiness such an act must place upon this innocent man and woman," said Alicia warmly. "If that is the rule of the church, Arthur, I should think the people would change it."

"Laws founded in religious superstition are the most difficult to modify," Arthur replied. "It is all a question of intelligence. The people will not change it, as you suggest, because they yield supinely to the powerful influence of custom."

"But public opinion will not support such an action?" Alicia suggested.

"Oh, yes it will, Alicia. Custom is public opinion, and public opinion is the opinion of

ordinary people. The ideas of ordinary people are fixed."

"By ordinary people you mean—"

"Not necessarily those alone in the ordinary walks of life, but those in the higher walks of life, so called, as well. Their ideas are like a flock of sheep. They are all alike, and follow the same path."

"I think, Arthur, there must be quite a portion of society that will not coincide with public opinion upon such a question," said Alicia.

"Those whose mental natures are expansive, subject to growth, to continual development, to progress, with a clear and sane love for truth, heeding no opinion save the approval of their true natures, and that of God, will not, of course," he answered.

"If the rules of society are so inflexible, all forms of conduct, all questions in life, are then solved by a standard that must necessarily be unjust as it must be heedless of circumstances, and you know that 'circumstances alter cases,' " she said with a smile.

"Yes," he continued, "and therefore it frequently happens that it is actually a narrow provincialism that decides questions of character, reputation, and often life itself, with a ridiculous self-satisfaction and a pharasaical prudery."

"And do you think that society invariably takes its cue from custom, which you say is local opinion?"

"Very often, and such opinion is prone to disregard principles of basic truths that underlie a spiritual and philosophical interpretation of the universe, and the laws of God. The law is hopelessly archaic upon this question of marriage and divorce."

"It is a grave question, and a difficult one, too," said Alicia seriously.

"There are many good and wise people who believe that the subject should be broadened—not narrowed, and that incompatibility should be one of the chief causes of dissolution of the marriage tie; that society knows this, but is too timid to voice its understanding in law, and give its sanction, and thus it fails in its duty in not conserving the happiness of its members, and at the same time advance its own moral status," Arthur replied.

"I recollect a homely illustration that was advanced illustrative of this point. Suppose there should be a law that would compel one to forever keep a home he had purchased, and next to which, after he had secured it, there should be erected a boiler shop or a soap factory;—not only compel one to keep it, but live in it, and bring up

his children there as well, notwithstanding the din and the fumes that would make life unbearable, unlivable," he continued.

"That would be ridiculous," said Alicia laughing.

"Not more so than the present divorce law, they claim," replied Arthur, "and that its ridiculousness would be apparent were it not for the hold of archaic custom. The limited separation that the law offers is in many respects an injustice and hardship; the absolute separation promotes many evils.

"Society declares itself against the dissolution of the marriage tie," he continued, "notwithstanding its true object—companionship—has been hopelessly unattained. With this situation society rests content, with its hands piously folded in sweet resignation while its members wear their hearts away in trying to wear its chains. It is frightened by the admonition of the church, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"

"But would not a broadening aspect of life," Alicia asked earnestly, "that would encourage companionship, in its purest and highest relations, wherever found, simplify the question, and really promote the strength and morality of the marriage association—both as a practical and ethical question?"

"It is claimed that it would," said Arthur, "but society continues blind to this situation. A rare and superior mind seeking companionship in spite of mistake which cannot be remedied according to the laws of society, is placed under its ban and marked with the bar sinister, for when one takes such a step out of the ordinary, society sagely disapproves, for the majority can always outvote the minority, quite ignoring the fact that 'Beelzebub marshals majorities and majorities ever lie.'"

"Will this be remedied some day?" she asked.

"It is thought so; that it is part of the upward movement of humanity towards a higher and saner plane of life. It was but a few years ago that the mob in Boston—the Hub of the Universe—dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets of the city with a rope around his neck."

"Every Christ has been crucified," she said thoughtfully.

"And later, glorified," Arthur replied. "History repeats itself, and so the philosophers dream, that in the future society will express in law what you and I have learned, Alicia, that the promises of nature are true—that every yearning of the spirit's seeking vouchsafes its perfect gratification."

"Then the future must hold forth the promise

that some time, some where, it shall be accomplished if such realization is not attained in this existence," said Alicia gravely.

"Their philosophy embraces the present and the future. That every man and woman has a soul in some one's keeping that is the complement of his or her own, if he or she can but find it, and that without such result life's purpose is unfulfilled and its complete and holy happiness unattained," he answered, earnestly.

"That is the philosophy of Shelley, is it not?" she inquired.

"Yes, he is a leading exponent of the philosophy," Arthur replied, "which declares that God never intended two beings who had found their twin souls to sacrifice the happiness and development of life for an artificial respectability."

"The thought is beautiful and poetic viewed purely as a philosophy or theory," said Alicia. "Why must the practical and the ideal be so widely separated?"

"It need be, only so long as society measures conduct by a morbid sex-consciousness, superstition, and greed," replied Arthur earnestly, "and places a false and shallow sense of duty above a life's true development and happiness. As it is now constituted, society, in this respect, offers no compensation to span the gulf of the

soul's empty existence. Do you remember the poet's lines, Alicia?" he said thoughtfully,

The divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters, or abates,
But labors, and endures, and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it cannot find, creates.

She was silent. And their natures turned fully to each other, and found the perfect union in that attachment which is a mystery of the soul in its loftiest cravings and aspirations, growing out of a supernatural fervor which creates a sacred ecstasy that enjoys what alone is spiritual and divine.

Alicia, true to the convictions of her soul, became Arthur's fearless companion, and cherishing all that is good, beautiful, and innocent in life, she rose to the moral and intellectual level of his being

"With all the madness of a skylark,
springing from earth to heaven."

And so day followed day, and season followed season, until a year and another of the new century had slipped away. Winter had come and had brought suggestions of the Christmas tide; and one afternoon at dusk, a short time before the Christmas day, Alicia, returning home, met her husband awaiting her coming.

He addressed her.

"Alicia, I know where you have been. I know what you have done. You must leave my house immediately."

"Leave my loved ones? I cannot. No! No! I cannot, Edmund. Do not send me away from them."

"Yes, you shall go immediately."

The maid entered.

"Madam, a gentleman desires to see you. He would not give his name."

Alicia turned towards the hallway. A man stood there. He was a stranger. Blake followed Alicia, and stood at the doorway partially concealed by the rich, heavy draperies. Alicia bowed to the man.

"Good afternoon, madam," he said. "Are you Mrs. Alicia Blake?"

"Yes," she said.

"And the wife of Edmund Blake?"

"Yes," she said again.

"I desire to serve you with a summons and complaint in an action for divorce brought by your husband, Edmund Blake."

Alicia listened, bewildered.

"An action for divorce?" she repeated slowly.

"Yes, madam. These papers I hand you are the summons and complaint in the action. Take them, madam."

She reached out her hand and received the papers.

"Good afternoon, madam."

"Good afternoon, sir," Alicia replied, and the man opened the front door and departed.

Alicia stood in a daze and slowly read the papers. In her bewilderment she scarce understood their cruel contents at first, but gradually as she collected her senses the matters set out in legal phraseology began to convey to her mind their terrible import. The cruel false charges of infidelity, and the heartless demand for the custody of the children pierced her heart with the stroke of death.

"No! No! No!" she cried wildly.

"Edmund! Edmund! What have you done? You must not. Believe me, I am innocent. How can you? How dare you? My God, how can I live after such a cruel blow! I am innocent—innocent, I tell you! Edmund, speak, speak to me! Tell me that this is all a cruel hoax! I beseech you to retract your charges, your demands. You know in your heart that I have not wronged you. Take it back for the sake of truth, for your own honor, Edmund; for the sake of the children above all else, take it back, take it back! See, I beseech you on my knees; take it back, my God, take it back!"

She fell upon her knees in her anguish, and reached out her hands to him clasped in desperation. He moved coldly away from her.

"Your every act is known to me," he said harshly.

"Then you can know no evil of me. I confess I have met Arthur often, but our purpose has always been innocent. He has always—"

"Innocent?" Blake broke in with a savage sneer.

"He has always respected me—and himself. Believe me, Edmund,—"

"Respect?" he exclaimed contemptuously. "What respect has he shown you, or me, or himself? He has betrayed my confidence. He has sought and pursued you with every wile known to—"

"Stop, I command you, Edmund! The blood mounts to my cheek in shame at your charges. You know you speak falsely. Arthur has—"

"He has spent money on you like a prince. He seems to have the wealth of Croesus. You have accepted his attentions, craved his favors—"

"Edmund, I love Arthur. You know that. I have not concealed it from you; and he loves me. You and I have drifted apart. You did not know your heart—I did not know mine. You have had no love for me for years. Your heart is elsewhere.

You know that, Edmund. Our mutual love for the children has been our only thing in common. You have grown to dislike me; to hate me. You wish to be rid of me—and you have taken this cruel way to accomplish your purpose, although you know you have no grounds for such action.”

“I have grounds. I have sworn to that fact.”

“You have deceived yourself then, if you have acted honestly. You have watched the friendship grow up between Arthur and me, unrebuked. You have thrown us together as though you planned it all. You have watched our love grow up before your very eyes. I fought against it, and fought against it with all the strength of my soul. I have suffered such bitter anguish—such cruel pain. Day and night I have struggled with my fate, but Edmund, I could not help it, strive as I may—I loved him—I loved him. I cannot conceal that; I could not if I tried. I do not care to. But Edmund, you have accused us wrongly, cruelly, falsely. I have been faithful—”

“I will hear no more!”

“You have been mistaken, Edmund. I can explain—”

“I will hear no more. You must go at once.”

“Edmund!” she cried. “I ask nothing for myself. It is for my children. You know my

love and devotion to them. You cannot deny that."

"Yes," he replied. "I admit all that. I know you have a devoted love for them. I will not deny it."

"For them—Edmund!" she cried, reaching out her arms to him.

He repulsed her, and she sank to the floor.

"For my children's sake!" she entreated, as she piteously held her arms to him in supplication.

"For my children!"

"Go!" he said.

Slowly she rose, and with trembling step she went out into the night.

CHAPTER XXII.

LUTHIE'S APPEAL.

The action taken by Edmund Blake distressed Luthie Pendleton beyond measure. Its injustice and cruelty affected her kind heart and honest nature, so that not only were her feelings greatly wrought up over the situation, but she felt impelled to exert every effort of which she was capable to avert the evil consequences that now seemed imminent. Blake had steadily refused to see Arthur about the matter, or hold any communication with him whatever. The relations between the two men had become strained to a tense degree. Blake's headstrong determination to obtain a desired result at any cost led to a situation that assumed a serious aspect. Arthur's gentle and chivalric nature rose to the fierce demands of his ardent love for truth and devotion to principles of honor, that now permitted no other course than a defence of the honor of Alicia and his own.

Arthur and Luthie conferred earnestly about the situation, and Luthie felt that she might accomplish a result which it was easy to perceive could not be obtained by her husband. Alicia had de-

parted from the city. Luthie's heart ached for her. She determined to call upon Blake, feeling that he would not refuse her an audience, and hoping, with much reason, that his respect and regard for her might have a very important influence upon his course. She decided to call at his home, and on a dismal, sleety evening in the last days of February she left home for this purpose. Arthur accompanied her as far as the automobile station, where he stopped to see about some repairs that were in progress upon his automobile. He spent some time in looking over the machine, and as he left, he picked up his automobile wrench and put it in his pocket. He had a thought in mind, as he did so, that he would overhaul his bicycle and might need the implement. He walked slowly down to the Blake home. A light burned dimly in the front hall. He saw a woman in front of the house, and as he approached her he saw it was Luthie. She was pale and trembling.

"Oh, Arthur," she said, as she eagerly turned to him, "my heart has failed me. I feel so excited, and I have a strange presentiment of evil. I am afraid to go into the house."

"This is too much of a task for you, Luthie. Come, we will return home. I feel condemned that I consented to your attempting it. Come, dear," and taking her arm he thought to lead her away.

"No, Arthur, please. My heart is set upon making this last appeal for Alicia. I feel stronger now that you are with me. Let me make the attempt; I should ever reproach myself if I abandoned it now."

"Very well, Luthie, I will go with you then," and they turned towards the house and ascended the steps. They rang the bell, and the door was opened by Mr. Blake himself. He invited them to enter and showed them to his den, opening off from the front hall. At their host's invitation they removed their coats, and in doing so the wrench fell from Arthur's overcoat pocket to the floor. He picked it up and said in explanation, "I have just been to the automobile station."

"Rather heavy for your pocket," said Blake, as he glanced at the wrench.

"Yes, it is," Arthur assented. "I feel as though I were carrying a concealed weapon."

He laid the wrench on one corner of the table in the den.

Their conversation was general in its nature for some few minutes. Blake seemed ill at ease, and cast furtive looks at his open gold watch which lay upon the table. At last Luthie approached the topic which was the object of her visit.

"I cannot discuss that," he said.

"Will you refuse to hear the truth?" she asked

with kindling eye. "I know all that you know, and more. I know that Arthur and Alicia are innocent of the charges you so hastily make against them. Oh, Edmund, I am sure you do not appreciate the consequences. You must know Arthur and Alicia so well as to believe, down in your heart, that it would be impossible—"

"You must excuse me," said Blake firmly. "I cannot discuss that question with Arthur. I have said I would not do so."

"But I ask you to do so with me—not with him."

"It amounts to the same thing while he is present with you, for that purpose."

"Very well," she said haughtily. "I have reason to feel that you owe me more courtesy than that," and rising she left the room followed by Arthur, and opening the front door left the house.

They proceeded slowly to their home, Arthur striving to soothe her excited feelings, and as he arrived there he remembered that he had left his wrench at the Blake home. He was moved by a feeling to go back after it, and after remaining with Luthie until she had recovered her usual calm, apparently, he left the house once more and proceeded to the Blake home. He ascended the steps and was about to press the bell at the front door, when he saw through the large plate glass in

the front door, Blake come from the den. Arthur thought he was coming to the door to let him in, and so he did not ring the bell, but stood there waiting. But to his surprise he saw Blake turn to the mantel which was at one side of the hall. Blake's movements then struck Arthur as peculiar. He moved with light tread. He was not fully dressed, as his coat and vest had been laid aside. Arthur saw him go to the mantel; and on the mantel Arthur saw the chief ornament—that he knew well. It was the handsome French clock which he had presented to Alicia.

It was enclosed in bevelled plate glass, and at each hour it struck the time with clear melodious tones with its sweet cathedral chime. He saw Blake place his left hand on top of the glass case of the clock to steady it, while with his right hand he opened the glass door in front, and swung it back on its tiny golden hinges, and exposed the face of the clock, with its hands. He took hold of the minute hand and slightly bent it forward. He then closed the door of the clock, and disappeared in the den. Arthur looked on in amazement. He was confused somewhat by the situation, and hesitated about ringing the bell, and pondering over the matter, he retreated down the steps, and crossed the street, where he stood in the shadow of a tree.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LUTHIE'S MIDNIGHT VISIT.

Luthie sought her chamber upon Arthur's departure for the Blake home again, her anxious spirit craving the quiet and rest of her room after the trying experience of the evening. She tried to abandon herself to full relaxation from the tense strain under which she had been laboring, but found herself quite unable to dismiss the matter from her mind. She failed to attain the composure she sought, and her reflection upon the subject only increased her anxiety. As she reviewed the matter, there now came to her mind a doubt concerning her course that worried her considerably. She wondered if she had acted wisely, after all. She felt half inclined to rebuke herself at the failure of her mission. Had she not been hasty, she asked herself? And as that thought came home to her, her conscience seemed to smite her with scorpion stings. Why had she not consented that Arthur leave her, and she confer with Blake alone? If she had only done that he might have yielded to the plea that moved her heart. And as she reproached herself, her

feelings upon the subject intensified until she felt that she could not rest until she had seen Mr. Blake, or at least had made one more attempt to do so. She knew the habits of the Blake household. It was not unusual for Mr. Blake to sit alone reading, or engaged in some manner of business, to past the midnight hour. Perhaps she could still see him tonight. Arthur had not yet returned; she would leave a note for him telling him where she had gone. And then she thought that Arthur would be displeased if he knew that she had again undertaken the task, and so she decided she would not tell him. She closed her door, trusting that Arthur would think that she had retired when he came in. She hastily donned her hat and long fur coat, and softly descended the stairway, and went out into the street.

A drizzling snow was driving down through the cold midnight air, and making the walks and streets wet and slippery. She hurried on in feverish haste. The city was asleep. The houses were dark, and the streets deserted. No one is abroad on such a night as this, she thought. As she hurried on she noticed a policeman standing at the corner, above the Blake home, as she turned into that thoroughfare.

Reaching the Blake home she ascended the steps and thought she would tap upon the glass

of the front door and if Mr. Blake were there she could attract his attention. She stepped inside the vestibule, and she was surprised to see that the front door was slightly open. She hesitated a moment, and then pushing the door further open, entered the house, and softly walked across the hall to the den door. She knocked gently. She received no reply, and then she knocked again. All was still. She never knew why she did it, but the impulse seized her to open the den door. She turned the knob and opened the door. All was darkness. She stepped inside, and partially closed the door after her. She thought of Arthur's wrench, and was impelled to know if he had called and gotten it. If not, she might take it with her while she was there. She remembered where he had placed it—on the corner of the table—and she could easily get it even in the darkness, as she knew the room so well.

As she stood there her thoughts went rapidly to the last time, before that day, she had been in the den. It was the night, or rather the early morning, that they had all returned from a ball. She remembered how all their little party—there were ten of them altogether—ladies and gentlemen—partook of refreshments in the den, with so little room that the ladies had to carry the trains of their ball gowns on their arms, or hold

them in their laps. She had held hers in her lap, she remembered, for she had sat on the couch that was placed along one whole side of the den. She remembered that she sat at the head of the couch, for she recalled how she drank from her glass and passed it along for others to drink from—someone had told her to do so—while she, in turn, took the next glass passed to her. And she remembered how she laughed, and how merry they all were. And she remembered how Vivian laughed, too—and quite uproariously, she thought. How pretty Vivian looked that night. Her eyes sparkled, and her cheek glowed like a rose; and she was so vivacious, so gladsome! How her merry laugh rang out as her pearly teeth flashed through her parted red lips!

And as she stood there in the darkness Luthie felt for the wrench on the corner of the table. It was not there. Perhaps it had been laid elsewhere, she thought. She knew that the gas lighted instantaneously, by simply pulling a chain that hung pendant from the wrought-iron chandelier overhead. It was easily within reach of her hand. The thought came to her to light the gas for an instant.

God help her! She raised her hand,—and pulled the chain.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DEN.

Edmund Blake lay upon the couch with head crushed and bleeding, murdered! Luthie stood transfixed with horror. Her blood froze in her veins. Her senses weakened; and she felt she must faint,—must die, perhaps. A wild scream rose to her lips, but she stifled it just in time. The fear that she would die, and her dead body be found there filled her with desperate strength. Her soul shrank from that contemplation with more terror than it did from the fearful sight that assailed her senses. Her eyes turned from the ghastly spectacle on the couch that had riveted her gaze, and she saw the remains of a luncheon spread on the table. She saw a bottle of liquor there. If she only had strength to reach the bottle, she thought, it might help her gain the street before she should fall. With superhuman effort she staggered to the table and seized the bottle and raised it to her lips. She drank deeply. She felt the strength of the fiery liquid. She drank again, and slowly her gaze took in the condition of the room.

She looked about the table for the wrench, but it was not there. She noticed the luncheon particularly, as she moved the things on the table in her search. There were a plate of crackers, a portion of cheese, a tart, and the bottle of cocktails.

The wrench was not on the table. She felt a feverish anxiety about it. She must get it, if it was still in the room. This was the thought uppermost in her mind. Perhaps it was on the couch. She dare not look there. She saw a silk quilt on the floor at the foot of the couch; and, with averted head, she seized it and threw it over the bloody sight on the couch. Not satisfied, and with a sudden madness born of fear and terror, she wrapped it round and round the body, and then she took the Turkish rugs from the floor, and placed them there too;—then she piled the sofa cushions on top of all.

She drank again from the bottle. Then she resumed her search for the wrench. It was on the couch—covered with blood. She took the horrible thing in her hand, and seeing a towel on the floor, she wiped the handle to make a clean place for her hand. It was a heavy wrench, with a long handle,—a terrible weapon. She felt a fearful weakness overcoming her. She did not dare to stay longer. She took the wrench, and

then seized the bottle of cocktails. She pulled the chain at the chandelier, and the room was in darkness. She closed the den door softly after her. She stole through the hall, and reached up her hand and turned out the dim light at the chandelier as she passed under it, and went out of the house, leaving the front door slightly open, as she had found it.

She staggered up the street towards her home. She was wondering what she would best do with the wrench. Then she noticed that she was in front of a vacant lot. It was grown up with weeds and brambles, and filled in places with rubbish. She walked onto it quite a number of steps with the thought to throw the wrench among the dead weeds and grass. But as she raised her arm for that purpose, she hesitated, and deliberating, she feared to do so, and changed her mind. As she stood there she felt conscious of her weakness, and placed the bottle again to her lips, and then concealing it and the wrench beneath her cloak, she retraced her steps to the sidewalk again, and kept on up the street.

Suddenly she saw a policeman at the corner. She had forgotten him. Her heart stood still with fear. She almost yielded to the impulse to turn around, and retrace her steps. Yet she was afraid to do so. He had probably seen her, and

his suspicions might be aroused. Yet she knew she could never summon strength to pass him without detection. He would observe her weak and tottering step, her frenzied manner, and stop her. She realized this. She knew not what to do. She knew she must not hesitate and she kept on, and as she approached the policeman, in desperation she sheered off to the left, and crossing the street diagonally, reached the sidewalk on the other side, with a prayer for strength on her lips. She thought she would fall at every step, but God sustained her, and she kept bravely on. Finally, exhausted, she reached her home and crept up the stairs with her remaining strength and when safely in her room, she fell across her bed, unconscious.

The morning came and found her ghastly pale and weak. Arthur had left a note for her, telling her that he had gone to the Falls, and asking her to spend the day with him there. He had left early in the morning, the maid said. Luthie would ordinarily have thought nothing of it. Arthur frequently went to the Falls on the impulse of the moment. The sight and roar of the falling waters brought to him a satisfaction, at times, that nothing else could supply. He frequently dined there within sound of the cataract, and she was frequently his companion. She longed to see

him, to be with him. She rested as quietly as she could until noon, and then took a car for the Falls. She bought papers, and read with fascination and dread, of the terrible murder of Edmund Blake. Her senses swam as she read the details of the discovery. In her distress she turned to another column of the paper to force from her mind, if possible, some of the horror of the crime that was stifling her.

A frightful storm along the South Atlantic coast she saw announced in big headlines. She commenced to read, though the words hardly made any impression on her mind. She strove to concentrate her mind on the article, and it told her of the ruin and havoc that had been done on land and sea. Suddenly a familiar name caught her eye, and she read with intense interest now; ay, with a wild eagerness as her eye flew over the column of type—so full of meaning to her. A meaning that was just beginning to force itself upon her startled senses,—that were already upon the verge of prostration and despair,—and to crush out the remnant of her life.

“Captain James Arthur,” she read, “of the new steel steamer *United States* has just made port at Rio Janeiro and reports that the storm was the most frightful that ever swept the South Atlantic coast. The loss of life and damage to shipping

is far greater than at first reported. The full-rigged ship that was lost and reported as being an English vessel, has turned out to be English in name only as she was the *Lady Luthie* from Boston, Massachusetts, an American ship well known in New England maritime circles. She was commanded by Captain Ralph Alderney, who was well and favorably known throughout the length of the New England coast, and who stood very high in the foreign trade. The loss of Captain Alderney with his vessel and entire crew is considered by marine men as the most fearful catastrophe that has befallen the American merchant marine in years."

She leaned back in her seat with closed eyes, as the car sped on, with the paper still in her nerveless fingers. And so Arthur found her. She feebly reached the paper to him. The flaring headlines of the murder of Edmund Blake flashed their fearful intelligence to him. He looked at Luthie, and was stunned at her appearance. She could scarcely stand she was so weak, and her face was as white as death, with great black lines encircling her fixed, hollow eyes. Her voice was weak and tremulous.

"My God, Luthie," Arthur exclaimed, "how this terrible thing has affected you!"

"It is killing me," she whispered.

He placed his arm about her and they sought retirement at the hotel. She was weak, very weak. He supported her, as in the seclusion of their apartment she tried to speak again.

“I—I—got your wrench last night—I went back there after midnight,” she gasped.

She thought she ought to tell him. She saw him blanch and falter. His brain swam. Her head was upon his breast; her arms about him.”

“Oh, Arthur,” she gasped again, shuddering, “the crime had been committed with—with—your —wrench!”

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MYSTERY OF THE NIGHT.

When Arthur crossed the street and stood in the shadow of the tree opposite the Blake home, he deliberated over the matter and slowly reached the conclusion that he would abandon his purpose of seeking admittance to the house again on that night. Suddenly he heard the sound of horses' hoofs stopping at the corner of the street below; and as he stood there, soon he caught a glimpse of a figure coming up the sidewalk, on the opposite side of the street, and disappearing at the side of the house in the darkness that shrouded the building.

Arthur then turned and walked slowly down the street for a block, and then walked another square, and so continued until he had covered quite a distance towards the heart of the city. He retraced his steps, and after a time he found himself behind the tree again, opposite the Blake home. He stood there some time in thought, when his attention was called to a distant sound of a cab at the corner above. He heard it halt there as though to permit a passenger to alight, and soon there came to view another figure

walking down on the other side of the street. As he looked at the man, Arthur saw, to his astonishment, that he suddenly disappeared along side of the Blake home. Arthur looked at his watch, and saw that the hour was late. He walked up the street, and as the sleet was beginning to fall quite heavily now, he turned to walk to the car line, to take a car for home.

None being in sight, he walked on, pondering over the subject of the clock, trying to reason out the situation in regard to it, and dwelling intently on the events of the evening. It all seemed peculiar to him. What did it all mean? And suddenly, as he thought of the clock, it occurred to him, that the bending forward of the minute-hand sufficiently would allow it, in its revolutions about the face of the clock, to pass the little pin upon which it struck when the clock sounded the hour. By passing the pin, when the hand reached the hour each time, the clock would not strike. But why should the hourly chime be stifled, he asked himself? Was it because the hourly striking of the time would disturb anyone in the house? Or was it because, with the clock silent as each hour passed, one would have no idea of the passing of the time; that one, resting, but not asleep, perhaps, not hearing the clock strike, and being in darkness, would have no idea

of the time,—could not tell whether it was eleven o'clock, or midnight, or one o'clock or two? And as he thought about it, he walked slowly homeward, heedless of the falling sleet. And he thought of the figure he had first seen.

And as he thought about the events of the evening, the other figure he had seen also came to him frequently. Where had he seen him before? The thought suggested Jack, but even as he thought of Jack he knew it was not he, and he wondered why he had come to his mind. Was it because Jack lay in the hospital with the fever? It was only that very morning that he had received a despatch announcing Jack's illness. Perhaps that was why thought of his old chum had come to him at this midnight hour; perhaps because his sympathies and affections for him in his illness had moved him so deeply. And then, unaccountably, his thoughts turned to years ago. He thought of the *Albatross*. He remembered the story, so well known to him, of how Luthie as a little girl had watched the *Albatross* sail into port, while he lay in his mother's arms, a tiny bit of humanity and whose infant eyes were first rocked to slumber in the cradle of the *Albatross* upon the heaving billows of the sea. What a strange thing that was, that birth at sea! How often had he thought that his life was influenced by some mystery of that

event! He had never lost that feeling; and to-night it came to him with strange persistency.

He felt ill at ease. There was a dull pain in his heart. His spirits were heavy, and he felt an eagerness to get away from the present. Oh, for the taste of childhood's peace again! How he longed to feel the rolling deck of the *Albatross* beneath his feet once more, and the freshening breeze of the sea on his cheek. But the *Albatross* had been shattered and wrecked for many a year. There was nothing left but memories of her now; nothing save the marine glass in its black leathern case with her name, ALBATROSS, painted in small white letters on it, that lay on the book-case in his library.

What a tangled skein his life had been, he thought! This glass had been given to Captain Gray at the lighthouse by his father, and it was the same one that he had taken from the wall and handed to Luthie that day she discovered Ralph's ship in the offing. He remembered even now how her cheek had flushed as she told that the vessel was the *Lady Luthie*. He had almost forgotten the incident, but now it came to him with a vividness as though it were happening before his eyes. He had never spoken to Luthie of Ralph. She had never mentioned his name. He knew that Ralph's ship never touched at the old home

port now; that she had not done so for years. He heard it from old neighbors there in the village that Ralph's ship sailed in the foreign trade, on long and distant voyages, and that she hailed from Boston now, though she was absent sometimes for years.

As he reached home he went to Luthie's room. The door was closed, and he knocked softly, but received no response. She is sleeping, he thought, and he withdrew to his own room, gently, so as not to disturb her. He thought tenderly of her, and rebuked himself for allowing her to undertake the task she had. It was too much for her, he thought; and he grieved that he had permitted it, and that she suffered so over it—and felt thankful that she was resting now in slumber.

And he prepared himself for his own rest, and when he laid his head upon his pillow he did not know that he was taking his last peaceful sleep upon earth; that the morrow would dawn for him to banish forever sleep from his eyelids; that his remaining hours were to be those of such stress and storm that no rest should come to him again, no surcease of agony;—no calm, drooping eyelid should mark the sleeping spirit,—until he should go down to the depths of death to drain a draught from Fate's bitter goblet of despair such as mortal never drank before, to calm his spirit with the repose of eternal silence and rest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PROPHECY RECALLED.

When Arthur heard the words fall from Luthie's lips and learned of the terrible crime, and the part his wrench had taken in the tragedy of death, he was stunned by the fearful intelligence. His first thought was for her. His throbbing heart almost choked his utterance.

"I am innocent, Luthie!" he exclaimed in agonized tones. "Oh, Luthie, you know I am innocent!"

"Yes, dear Arthur," she said faintly.

Then summoning her strength, she exclaimed in tones of heartfelt earnestness, "I know your innocence as I know there is a God in Heaven. My conviction of your innocence is full, positive, and absolute. How could I believe else of you? You have my full faith. You have had it always. You know that. You have it now, and forever."

He could not speak, but she felt his tears fall on her own cheek, and she knew that he was asking that every blessing and peace be hers; that he was trying to assuage her pain, and that he was suffering because of her anguish.

Soon he gained control of himself, and he calmed and soothed her. He bathed her face and hands in cool water. He made her drink stimulants, and swallowed copious draughts himself. They reached home at midnight.

By noon of that day the whole town had rung with the cry of murder. The wires had greedily flashed it to the uttermost parts of the earth. Men looked into each others faces with horror. Women turned faint and sick. And as the details of the fiendish crime—the work of a madman—grew one upon the other, the world read with terror and sickening wonder.

Arthur was dumbfounded at the situation. He noted every detail in the den, and examined every circumstance, as he mentally canvassed the situation, and giving to every detail and circumstance its natural force and effect—not reversing the process—he drew the natural results therefrom which led to the only logical conclusion one could arrive at, under the circumstances; or was possible at all, he thought,—which result now seemed so well-known to him.

Arthur watched the progress of events with feverish anxiety, and saw Mrs. Hale surrounded by suspicions, most unfounded, but alarming.

She had been mistress of the Blake home since the departure of Alicia, and was, of course, in the

house the night of the murder. She had slept quietly through it all, unconscious of the terrible tragedy being enacted on the floor below. The heavy door and thick walls, with Turkish draperies of many folds of heavy cloth, covering the sides and ceiling of the room, made the den wholly sound-proof. No sound of the crime could possibly penetrate the ear of one in the chambers above, whether sleeping or awake. Opportunity was the only link in the chain of evidence that circumstance, with a fierce intensity, was attempting to wind about her.

Arthur appreciated, too, the delicacy of his own position. He bore the situation with fortitude, but his nerves were almost shattered with it all. His solicitude for the suffering of Alicia, who was now at home again, on account of her anxiety for her mother was fearful. He could not communicate with her directly. He did not dare do that. He knew that the detectives were watching every move. He lived in a fearful state of agony and distress every moment, night and day. The situation grew worse and worse.

At last a resolute calm came to him. He felt at peace now. He must see Alicia once more, at any cost, he thought. He took his automobile and slowly rode down the avenue towards her home. How he longed to go to her in her distress!

But that was impossible. He only asked to see her—once more. How he prayed that this might not be denied him.

She was sitting in her boudoir at the front of the house. She was prostrated with grief and care. Suddenly she heard an automobile bell clang twice, sharply. She knew the signal. She flew to the window,—and then she saw him,—for the last time. He put the brake on the automobile and it slowly passed the house. He leaned far out from the covered hood, and with his soul in his face turned his longing gaze on her window.

Their eyes met in one long, last look—and he was gone.

Arthur and Luthie were to ride out at five o'clock. It was a dreary, wet day with falling rain and sleet. Arthur had told her that he was going.

"I will go with you," she said quietly.

"No, Luthie," he said gently, "I am going on a long ride."

"Then we shall go together," she said with a sad smile.

She turned from him and went to her room. She made her toilet leisurely and carefully—as she always did. She felt better now. Even a little color crept into her pale cheeks. She dressed as for a bridal. Soon she was ready, and she

crowned her toilet with a beautiful white hat. It was a delicate and dainty creation, and more suggestive of sunshine than a dismal, wet day of heavy clouds. They rode quietly to the suburbs of the city, far, far from the madding crowd; far from the city with all its strife—to the peace and quiet of the brown fields that lay about them. The fitful gusts of wind, wet with the heavy moisture of the darkening day, drenched their feverish spirits as with a soothing balm. For miles they rode slowly through the driving rain, under the lowering sky, with no sound breaking their solitude except the whirr of the wheels. Arthur put on the power, and they rode more swiftly. They quaffed the exhilarating air with deep enjoyment, as they ran along a lonely, deserted thoroughfare. It was bordered on one side by a deep precipice. The rain was beating down heavily now, and the pavement was wet and slippery. Suddenly Luthie tried to throw back the hood of the automobile. "I want to feel the rain on my face," she said. Arthur momentarily removed his hand from the steering bar, and as he did so the wheels suddenly swerved, like a flash, towards the gulf that lay at one side of the highway. As the automobile sprang fiercely forward and made a mad rush for the bank, Arthur saw that there was but an instant between them and

eternity. His splendid courage was with him to the last. He had but time for one glance at his wife's white face; then he threw his arms about her to protect her;—and then they went down to death!

No word escaped his lips;—but a woman's scream rose on the night air, which must have pierced the vault of heaven with its pain!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

"Why, Silas, I do believe I heerd a bluebird in the orchard," said Patience Craig, addressing her husband, and going to the open door, over the threshold of which there came the first sweet breath of the spring.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied Silas, as he patted his own broad cheek with the baby's tiny hand, while the little girl cooed and smiled in his arms.

"The cowslips are in bloom down by the crik, an' I heerd a robin on top of the big maple last evenin'. I guess spring is here."

Yes, spring had come again; come with its soft winds and gentle rains; with its sweetness and bloom; with its bird-songs and mellow skies; with rippling streams and bursting buds; with the grass growing green about the doorstep, and in the churchyard; ay, and with its quickening energies, there came to the heart a Longing of the Springtime.

"Guess I'll go down to the postoffice, an' see if there's any mail," said Silas. "I didn't stop for it when I came by the office. They hadn't done sortin' it, an' I didn't wait."

"Oh, Silas, you was so anxious to see the baby. Do you know folks say that the stage gets here 'fore five every night now?"

"Oh pshaw," said Silas, "guess their clocks are wrong."

"Well, they say they can't set 'em by the stage any more."

"They won't be behin' time if they do," said Silas, and taking his hat, and perching his baby on his broad shoulder he made his way out the gate, and down the main street of the village to the postoffice. Opening his box he found a letter addressed to him bearing the postmark of the City of the Lakes. The sight of the letter brought sad recollections to him. He received no letters from there now. Instinctively he knew from whom the letter came, and opening it his prediction was confirmed. Arriving home he announced to Patience the receipt of the letter.

"From Alicia Blake?" she repeated with interest. "What does she say, poor dear?"

"She says she wants to see Portsmouth, and to visit Arthur's grave, and Luthie's. She writes that she wants to see us, too, and if convenient to us she will come next Saturday and spend Sunday with us."

"Write her to come, Silas, and tell her that we send our love to her, and that you will meet her at

Porter's Falls on Saturday, and tell her she must make us a long visit, once she's here."

And so Silas wrote the letter, with careful movements of the pen held tightly in his chubby fingers, with divers puckerings of the lips, and labored breathing; and in his frank, kindly way bade her come to them—to come and stay throughout the springtime—to breathe the salt breezes and drink deep of the quiet and peace of the little village by the sea—to rest there with them until the days of springtime should leap into the full depths of summer.

And so the day came that brought Alicia to them. Silas knew her as she stepped from the train, clad in black, with a bunch of violets at her throat. Her sweet, delicate face was pale with suffering, and her beautiful eyes showed the marks of heavy grief. Her step had lost its firmness, and her slight little figure seemed as fragile as a lily stem. She raised her face expectantly to Silas as he approached her.

"This is Mr. Silas Craig, I am quite sure, is it not?" she said sweetly.

"Yes," he said simply, taking her little gloved hand in his own hearty grasp.

"How did you know me?" he asked.

She smiled. "Oh, I have heard of you so often, you know; it was not difficult for me to recognize you."

She insisted on riding with him on the front seat on the way over to the village, and he entertained her far more interestingly than he realized, as she listened eagerly to his narrative and comment, and noted with absorbed attention the places he pointed out, and the general scene as well.

Patience welcomed her with a warmth of affection that cheered her sad heart, and as she sat in the old-fashioned sitting room, so fresh and clean, with its pleasing air of comfort, with the lilac bloom at the window and the bird-song in the orchard, she studied Patience as she watched her busy steps while she put the last touches to the simple but generous repast with which the table was spread. She seemed the embodiment of all womanly virtues to Alicia as she moved the central figure of that pleasant, homely scene, the calm influence of which was already touching her troubled spirit with its peace.

The evening meal was over when baby awoke where she slept, in an adjoining room. Silas went to her, and he brought the sweet baby girl and placed her in Alicia's arms.

"What a dear, beautiful child," she said, as she caressed the little one.

"What is the baby's name?" she asked.

Silas hesitated, then speaking slowly said, "I kinder wanted to name the baby arter Patience,

but she wuddent hear to it, and then—then—we fixed on a name that both on us had learned to love,—and we called her—Luthie.”

Alicia bowed her head over the child and pressed her lips midst the soft silken locks of the little head. When she raised her face her eyes were moist with tears.

“I—I—” Silas stammered with choking voice, and taking his hat he abruptly left the room.

“You mus’n’t mind Silas,” Patience said in a tone of apology, “he’s tender-hearted. He’s wrapped up in little Luthie. I don’t know what he’d do if anything should happen to baby,” she continued tremulously.

“God bless little Luthie, and protect her, and care for her,” Alicia prayed in a low voice. “And may He bless your kind hearts—always. I am so happy that you have named the baby after Luthie, and I pray that she may grow up to be as good and noble a woman as Luthie was.”

And as she sat there the twilight shadows gathered in the room, and soon the baby slept again. And Silas returning, sat by the open door and listened to the murmur of their voices as Patience and Alicia talked in low tones, while the memories of other days gathered about him.

And as Alicia went to her chamber Patience kissed her and said, “May I call you Alicia?”

"Yes, I wish you to," she said.

And long after the household slept, she sat by the open window of her room in the moonlight, while the stars looked down into her upturned face.

The morrow dawned; and again it was Sunday morning in the village of Portsmouth. The church bell had not commenced to ring and the streets were deserted, while the customary Sabbath quiet rested upon the place. Changes are few in those staid New England towns that count lightly a hundred years of existence, and Portsmouth was much the same as it was when Arthur and Luthie departed for their new home, so many years ago. There were some changes, of course. Time leaves its imprint, in some fashion, after all, and sometimes deeply, ah, so deeply.

The little cottage where Luthie lived was closed now, and had been for many a year. Ralph owned the place, but he had not visited it for years; had never laid his eyes upon it since that day he sailed away with his ship, as the tide turned, never to return; neither would he rent or sell it—and it showed neglect. Nature is ever zealous to reclaim its own, and the dooryard was overgrown with weeds, and the flowers in the garden struggled with the long grass and brambles. The climbing rose over the doorway was dead;

and the doorstep where Luthie used to sit with her book, had fallen away.

The Pendleton home was also lonely and deserted. Its shutters were drawn and it looked drear and desolate. Captain Pendleton was dead. He had sailed his last voyage, and now was quietly resting in the harbor of the Blessed Isles, with anchor down in those still waters whose waves are hushed by the Voice of Peace. Mrs. Pendleton had gone, never to return. Captain Gray was dead. Arthur and Luthie slept in the village church-yard, side by side, where they had so often wandered, as little children, hand in hand. And finally after all their wanderings, they had come back to childhood's home—together.

And now, upon this quiet Sabbath morning, with all the beautiful influences of springtime falling about her, with Silas and Patience, Alicia walked through the silent streets, to the village graveyard. And they led her to the spot she sought, and drew aside, and left her there, alone. The hours passed and still she knelt there upon the grass, with her face hidden in her hands. Memory after memory came stealing to her heart, like a rush of waters, and submerged her with their feeling, till she felt herself sinking, sinking into the flood-tides of recollection that surged through



While the stars looked down into her upturned face.

PAGE 277.

the secret recesses of her being—and then they swept her away—swept her away, on the swelling tide of springtime, from the Past to the Future.

She felt the kind touch of Patience's hand, and she raised her up, and they walked away together. And as they moved slowly along Alicia saw a tall marble shaft a short distance away, higher than any in the place, and she said, "That is Lucy's grave?"

"Yes," said Silas, "and there's Jim's alongside o' Lucy's."

"Arthur has told me," she said, and they turned their steps toward the spot, and in a moment they stood by the shaft that bore the single name—LUCY. A small stone by its side marked the place where her lover slept.

"This is Jim's," said Silas, indicating with his hand as he spoke. "Me an' him was school boys together. Poor Jim."

And then as he looked at her with half-up-turned face, Alicia saw the tears in his eyes, and heard the tender note of pride in his voice, as he said softly, "He was onct Lootenent-Guvnor of Wyomin'."

* * * * *

And so I leave her with thee, gentle-hearted Silas, as you slowly walk along the close-cropped grass that borders many a spot where "heaves the

turf" in the country graveyard. And I feel that a peace has come into her heart, and a faith, and a hope, that calms her soul, and that a hush rests upon her anxious spirit as she hears the soft notes of the Sabbath bell seeking her with its murmuring as it wanders among the gravestones to find her, and whisper to her, and comfort her—even as I would do—whilst the morning breeze creeps from stone to stone to touch her brow with its healing fingers. And so I hope that all the peace and faith and hope of all the world, and all the blessings of Heaven, may be with her always, never to leave her, to cheer her, to calm her, and console her.

And you shall take her to the lighthouse, Silas, and show her where Luthie stood and saw the *Albatross* in the offing that memorable morning, when that weird bird of the sea with outstretched wings, flew into the harbor, blown by the winds of mystery and fate. And she shall stand with you beside the cottage porch where Luthie sat so often as a child with her cheek resting upon her hand, and you will tell her of her childhood in the simple language of the heart.

And you shall tell her of Arthur, with many an incident of childish days. And all the spots made green in your memory by association with him, shall be visited again by you to point out to her

where he had been. You shall show her where he gathered the first May flowers of the freshening spring; and where the willows grew beside the river, to furnish whistles for his boyish lips. And you shall point out his desk in the little school-house, where you and Jim were school-boys together, and where his boyish hand had rudely traced the initials of his name in straggling letters, *A R P*, still plainly visible to her misty gaze. And all the haunts of his boyhood days, and the places of his maturer years, shall be Meccas of your ardent visitation.

And she shall incline herself to thy soft-toned discourse with eager sympathy and calm control to the very last. And then you shall show her the long ashen oar, with its blue painted blade faded by the years, that Arthur rowed in the famous boat race, which he gave to you so lightly and you prized so highly, hanging on the side veranda of your home, up close beneath the rafters, safe from the wind and rain. And you shall take down the heavy oar from its fastenings, and when her little hands shall touch the handle of the oar where the passionate clasp of Arthur's hands clung so bravely, and her eyes shall take quick notice of the dark stains where the brave blood leaped from his lips, you shall see her bow her head upon her hands as she clasps the oar, and tremble, ah, and tremble.

And so I leave you, Silas. Leave you with fond remembrance of your gentle nature and simple naturalness, recalling how oft I have seen you sitting on the low bench beneath the old elm by the tavern there, with children playing about you, or sitting in your lap, or clambering up your broad back to rest upon your shoulders. And I recall how brave a figure you made to our boyish gaze as with grave demeanor and becoming dignity you drove your old stage coach to the tavern steps, with many a fine flourish, and consummate skill of the driver's art, as we gathered about you in kindling pride. And how often have I watched Luthie's old hound dozing in the shade of the elm with half-raised ear and slightly-opened eye, noting the slow progress of the hours through the long dreamy afternoons of summer; and I recall how, before we heard the wheels upon the bridge, his subtler senses would learn of your approach, and his brightening aspect announce your coming; and I remember how, with slow pace, the faithful creature would stand beside the front wheel of the coach as you halted and with uplifted gaze would voice his welcome by the slight tremblings of his sensitive, sniffing nostrils, and the scarce perceptible movement of his slightly drooping tail.

What wondrous journeys did we lads take in

the capacious depths of your old yellow coach with its pungent smell of aged leather, when after your lesser day's journey it reposed quietly in the high-ceilinged shed behind the inn! And what joy to sit upon the high front seat, and with the long reins, surreptitiously taken from the harnesses trimly hanging from the hooks of the stable adjoining, fastened to the pole supported in a horizontal position by the neckyoke resting upon the ground, to drive over the hills and far away to the fond scenes of our boyish fancies! And I used to look forward, while sitting there, to the distant journeyings I planned to take when I grew to man's estate, and to the pleasure and pride I should have of returning some day to acquaint you with my wanderings which were to be of such vast distance and great importance, and incidentally to display all the wisdom I had acquired. Alas, for boyish dreams! My journeyings have scare been a stone's throw from my threshold and my wisdom is all ungained.

And Lieutenant-Governor Towles, I remember you with clearest recollection. I remember the long procession to the graveyard and how we unthinking lads outstripped the cortége, and creeping through the fence and then along the path by the river, which we used to take to reach the swimming pool, and then up behind the church

and to the spot where the fresh dug earth stopped our hurrying feet, as we paused by Lucy's grave. It seemed so strange to hear the village choir singing there, and not to hear her voice and yours. I see you now standing a little apart from all the rest, with your face white as the marble tombstones about you, and your black hair all disheveled. And then in later days I have seen you sitting so often in your accustomed place at the end of the tavern porch that overlooks the sea, with your chair tilted back and your long legs crossed one upon the other and with one trouser leg caught upon your boot-strap; and with face that indelibly impressed even my boyish senses with its sadness. And many a time I have seen my big Newfoundland dog that was ever at my heels, leave his place behind me with sidelong questioning glances for my permission, and go softly to you, and lick your hand.

I used to see you there as we lads often went around the end of the porch and along the side of the house to Patience's kitchen window. Many a time I have stood knee deep in the rank growth of burdock leaves that grew beneath the window and tickled my bare legs as I stood there, and received from Patience's kind hand the wondrous apple turnovers for which she had justly acquired fame. And I used to wonder if you knew how

good they were, and thought it strange that since you were so near her window that you never went to get some for yourself. And I wondered if you should learn about them if you would marry Patience, and if you did so, if she would still give us of her store. You had a brave and noble heart to match your fine talents, Lieutenant-Governor Towles, and you deserved far better of Fate—far, far better, Jim.

And gentle Luthie, pure in heart, you, too, deserved a kinder fate. I love best to think of you as I first saw you—a little girl upon the cottage porch with Ralph standing by your side, on the morning that the *Albatross* brought baby Arthur home. I love to think that you are still there with the red rose striving to reach the window of your peaceful little room, where you were wont to kneel and pray for the ships upon the sea.

And it seems so pitiful to me that after all your prayers for the alien ships of your tender childhood,—and ah, the sadness of it,—that when, amidst them all, the one ship that hailed from the port of thy inner heart's affection struggled with the storm, your prayers for her were unavailing and she sank beneath the waves and carried with her not only all your hopes, wrecked and shattered, but took you down with her to perish in such utter, hopeless misery. And I wish that I could

have saved you from all your sorrow, and that your life had been as gentle as your kindly spirit was. But it was not to be.

And Ralph, like the rose that never reached the little window of Luthie's room, but died and faded with its ardent longing in its red heart all unspent, you, too, had your ecstasy unrequited.

And sailor that you were, your voyage on the sea of life was wrecked and wasted ere it had scarce begun. Ah, Ralph, poor lad, had you held the tiller of your life with steadier hand you might have sailed into the quiet harbor of your desires and found your haven in the fond love of your Lady Luthie, and cast you anchor, to forever safely hold you, in the depths of her devotion. You missed the entrance to the harbor by a hair's-breadth, and went crashing on the rocks of desolation and disaster. But who shall say that Fate has not been kind to thee? What greater boon can a sailor ask from destiny than to go down with his ship at sea? What more than to sleep forever in the embrace of thy *Lady Luthie* in the caverns of the sea?

I remember the morning when a lad, Ralph my school-mate, as I drove away with Silas, never to return, that just before we reached the bridge I turned and saw you standing in the village street, underneath the spreading elm near the tavern

where we had so often played together, and you waved your hand to me in farewell; and then we drove upon the bridge, and on across the river.

And thou, Alicia, it was thy destiny that Fate was to try to pick thy heart-strings with bloody fingers, and play a dirge to all thy hopes; to sound the knell to all thy longings; and to strike with ruthless hand the harmony of thy soul and strive to wreck and ruin all its melody and music, forever and forever.

And it all comes to me again so often—even in my dreams—as recollection draws to view again the startling incidents of that tragic hour—comes to me again, and flits before me like a troop of shadowy spectres—to startle and affright me—and then there comes to me the remembrance of thy calm, sweet courage, thy wisdom, and the sublimity of thy spirit, Alicia—to remain with me—always.

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